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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The resolution of the fifty thousand pounds grant to Lord Cromer was formally announced by the Prime Minister during the week. It will be opposed, however feebly, by the Nationalists, simply on anti-England grounds. So far none but Irish members have given notice of opposition. Perhaps, apart from the Irish, a few professional self-advertisers in and out of the House affect to disapprove of the resolution. To carp at Lord Cromer is certainly a singular chance for anyone who wishes to be out of the common run! But it exposes a man to the risk of being stamped for ever as an ineffectual crank in public life, which is a distinct deterrent.

As one day we are told that Raisuli has refused to allow Kaid Maclean to continue his correspondence with his friends, and the next that further letters have been received from the captive, it is difficult to make out what really is happening. So far nothing apparently has been done to obtain the Kaid's release. The Shereef of Wazan has attempted negotiations and failed; the tribes hesitate between loyalty to the Sultan and fear of Raisuli. It was hardly to be expected that the Maghzen, which has never been able to maintain law and order, should be equal to the delicate and difficult task of dealing with Raisuli when he holds so valuable a hostage. European intervention, which it was hoped would not be necessary, is now talked of, and the consequences of that might be serious not only to Kaid Maclean, but to Europe itself. On France of course lies the onus.

Whether Japan has purposely fomented the troubles in Korea or not, it is certain that she will make her advantage out of them. Viscount Hayashi, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, denies all responsibility for the Emperor's abdication. He represents it as a purely Korean matter and makes an almost ostentatious profession of neutrality in dynastic affairs, the whole concern of Japan being with the maintenance of order in the country. Thus there appears still to be a struggle going on between the old and the new Emperors for the throne; and the Japanese Residency places the whole responsibility for the arrests of many Korean officials on the new Sovereign. But in any case whoever is on the throne will have to take his orders from Japan. The convention signed at Seoul on Tuesday places the Government and country under the control of Japan more formally than before. In the meantime the two or three thousand Japanese troops have enough to do to hold their own with the Korean troops and the mob; but Japanese ships are rapidly bringing reinforcements. Another Japanese spy has been arrested in California.

The letter from the young Maharaja of Bikanir in the "Times" is the most important statement on India since Mr. Morley's Budget speech. The Maharaja, who represents the bluest blood of India, protesting on behalf of himself and his brother Princes against a statement in "Blackwood", affirms their devoted loyalty to the British Crown. He rejects the absurd idea of an India controlled by a Federation of Native Rulers. Very significant, too, is his protest against the slur cast on the whole of the Hindu communities by taking a handful of obscure and seditious Bengalis as their representatives and ignoring the hereditary leaders. This from a ruler and a soldier who has proved his loyalty and his courage in the field, with others of his class, should help to expose the true nature of the agitation.

Lord Selborne's recent despatch on South African Federation has given a distinct fillip to the movement,

and both Mr. Malan and Dr. Jameson in the Cape Assembly on Tuesday eulogised the efforts of the High Commissioner. A motion was passed in favour of a Federation Conference, which it is hoped will prove the first practical step towards unity some five years hence. That, it is estimated, is about the time required to carry into effect what is now no more than a pious aspiration. It is mere optimism to say with Mr. Malan that there is no longer any need to speak of British or Dutch; still it is a fact that the British flag is now formally accepted—with qualifications—throughout South Africa, and for the first time the way is clear constitutionally for the realisation of Lord Carnarvon's dream. The two Dutch colonies may of course not be prepared so soon to sink their individuality in a federal régime, but if there is any practical wisdom at their head they cannot fail to understand the advantages of the larger policy.

The froth of Chinese labour has resolved itself into beer for the blacks. That would seem to be the sum and substance of the Transvaal Government's decision to make easier the sale of intoxicating liquors to the natives. Labour in the Transvaal becomes more scarce with every departure of Chinese coolies, and General Botha and his colleagues are adopting this desperate expedient in the hope of attracting the natives to the Transvaal. Two thousand coolies are petitioning the Government to be allowed to renew their contracts. It is not wonderful that the churches and all who care for morality and order should be in arms. If the natives are able to get as much drink as they want, the rowdiness will be at least as bad as any now laid on the shoulders of poor Ah Sin. The Transvaal will secure a monopoly of the worst class of natives and enjoy an unenviable distinction among South African States. Such is the boon of self-government prematurely conferred.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has returned to Canada full of satisfaction with the work he accomplished at the Colonial Conference. If some people in London do not estimate his services quite at the same valuation, particularly as to the proposed Imperial Council, it will only confirm him in his own conceit. He is apparently convinced that the meeting of the Premiers has placed the colonies and the mother country on a level—a constitutional absurdity. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier had taken a broader platform at the Conference, the results might have been very different. His boast that the British preference which he introduced has coincided with an unprecedented period of prosperity in Canada ought not to be without its moral. What might not Canada have done if she had enjoyed preference in the British market—a preference sought by every other great colony? He claims credit for the all-red route scheme as though it were a novelty. The idea was familiar enough a few years ago, and if it should now take practical shape, as to which there appears to be much doubt, the explanation is that the Imperial Government look to it to save the Conference of 1907 from absolute sterility.

The most important topics discussed in Committee at the Hague Conference this week have been the proposed international permanent Hague Prize Court and the British proposal for the abolition of contraband. It seems likely that the British and German delegates are almost prepared to submit an Anglo-German proposal which would allow an appeal from the national Prize Court to the international Court. The German proposition was that there should be appeal from the national Court of first instance. Now the British delegates have stated that they would consent to an appeal even from our highest Court, the Privy Council. It would seem from Lord Reay's speech on contraband as compared with Herr Kriege's that this is the surprise of the Conference. After the troubles with Germany and the claims made by her during the South African war to exemption from searches, it might be thought that the position of Great Britain and Germany would have been reversed. Yet Germany only submits modified proposals. France wishes for time to examine the British proposals, and the discussion is adjourned.

Lord Lansdowne's speech was the principal feature of Tuesday's Army debate in the Lords. So numerous have been the changes introduced into the Bill, and so long and complicated the discussions, that Lord Lansdowne's excellent résumé of the existing state of affairs supplied a want. The Bill contains, as we have always maintained, some big and sound ideas. But nothing can compensate for the loss of the battalions which Mr. Haldane has disbanded. The militia is not to be tampered with for another year, and by that time many things may have happened; whilst the new territorial army remains an unknown quantity. Government spokesmen still draw an impenetrable veil over the future strength of the artillery. Mr. Haldane's petulant impatience on Monday, when Mr. Arnold Forster tried to draw some information on this most important subject, was very self-accusative.

We are in for another education fight—probably bitterer and longer than any of the others. Issue was formally joined by the Anglican and Roman Catholic deputations to the Prime Minister and the debate initiated by Lord Londonderry in the House of Lords. The question shortly is this: Shall the Government be allowed by indirect and unconstitutional methods to destroy, or at the least fundamentally modify, the distinctively religious character of training colleges established mainly out of private funds? Shall it be made impossible in future for any religious society to found a training college out of its own funds? Shall all secondary schools be undenominationalised? The Government have tried to get round us by a flanking movement, but they have not quite succeeded. Mr. McKenna's devious ways have been observed.

The Government fought shy of the whole subject in the Lords on Thursday. Lord Crewe was evidently oppressed with the difficulty of the task of defending Mr. McKenna's policy of spite, as Lord Londonderry justly described it. In answer to a most moderate and weighty statement of the Archbishop of Canterbury Lord Crewe could only hope this and hope that, and assure noble Lords of the excellence of the Government's intentions. The only argument he attempted was the suggestion that these regulations ought to be accepted for fear of worse things which the Government might not be able to prevent. One can easily credit the Government with inability to prevent mischief, but they are not to be allowed to do their own mischief with impunity for fear of others doing worse. The care which the Government are giving to their education policy may be gauged by the Prime Minister advising the Roman Catholic deputation to start more colleges of their own, which the Government's own policy expressly prohibits. Sir Henry had the honesty to admit that the deputation was too much for him.

The Bishop of Birmingham told the Lords on Wednesday that he wanted another Commission, yet another, to overhaul Oxford and Cambridge. The Universities are not democratic enough for Dr. Gore; they do not fit in with his ideas of social polity. Especially he wants to eliminate the non-reading man. A Royal Commission to do that! If College tutors cannot make men read, the most august body of commissioners will not. The real reform wanted at Oxford and Cambridge is to get rid of, at any rate to abate drastically, the examination element. This Dr. Gore did not mention. The debate ended in nothing. By the way, who is "Lord Ellenborough"? There was a Lord Ellenborough once—a Lord Chief Justice of England—but the man who in this name talked such vulgar nonsense about Latin and Greek in this debate can hardly be of his family.

The Board of Education surely ought to have been represented at the Hague Conference. Whilst the Conference, according to the discontented Liberal press, has been but softly vapouring, the Board of Education has acted. Sternly resolved to put down the dreadful spirit of "public war", it has taken away the rifles from the schoolboys of the two little Kent villages Shoreham and Eynsford. In a solemn minute—not unexpected after Mr. Birrell's reply to some anti-militarist in the House a year or so ago—they declare that it takes up time which can be more profitably

spent on other subjects. What grave nonsense this is, and how ill it goes with Mr. Haldane's ideal of "a nation in arms"! The exact nature of the other subjects is not revealed, so we cannot judge of their profit. But it is certain that if village education throughout the country added an r to the three taught by the elementary schools, and this r the rifle, village life would be more interesting and attractive for the young than it is to-day.

Why do members of the Government take their orders so meekly from the Nationalists in various things some of which have nothing to do with Ireland? Mr. Morley was called on by Mr. W. Redmond in the House lately to sit upon Sir Howard Vincent and obeyed at once. On Tuesday Mr. John Redmond called on Mr. T. W. Russell to pick out of a personal and partly private correspondence a certain letter—though the writer objected—and read it to the House. And he obeyed as readily as Mr. Morley. Mr. Birrell is not less complaisant, trying "to conciliate those who have disappointed him". Yet the Nationalists have kicked out their chief Irish Bill, voted against their education proposals, put up an Irish candidate at Yarrow to lose the Liberals the seat, and declared in the House of Commons that the alliance is ended. Surely there never was a clearer case of turning the left cheek to the smiter than this Liberal meekness to Nationalist demands. It is well to turn the left cheek no doubt, if the motive is above suspicion; but how if you turn it to save yourself, if possible, from being smitten again?

Mr. T. W. Russell is proving himself an ideal man for the post out of which the Government, mindful of Nationalist clamour, jockeyed Sir Horace Plunkett. The Minister for the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction has other things to attend to besides cream and bacon. It is very necessary indeed he should be in the House of Commons, in the interests of peace and courtesy, as Tuesday's lively scene there showed. On Thursday Mr. Moore read the whole of the correspondence between himself and Mr. Bailey, the Irish Estates Commissioner, out of which Mr. Russell two days before had picked the plum—the particular plum which Mr. Redmond requested him to exhibit. We need not here comment on the merits of the quarrel between Mr. Moore and Mr. Bailey, but this must be clear to everybody now—that it was an amazing and most improper thing to make from the correspondence partial and hurtful extracts. Mr. Bailey's first letter which drew Mr. Moore's reply is absolutely essential to an understanding of the matter: it shows indeed that there are two sides to this unpleasant dispute. If there is one thing Mr. T. W. Russell can be trusted to do splendidly, it is that of getting the fat on the fire and making it fizzle there furiously.

The Evicted Tenants Bill—which might almost as fitly be called the Evicted Landlords Bill—was guillotined through Committee on Wednesday, and the way lies open for Mr. Finucane's "larger policy". If the Duke of Argyll had lived to see this Bill passed by the House of Commons, how he might have plumed himself to-day on his foresight in breaking with Mr. Gladstone in 1881! Perhaps there is only one thing now between Mr. Finucane and the realisation of his great scheme for arranging all matters of Irish land "in the public interest" save the Peers. They may like to intervene and consider "the"—to them not unimportant—"question of what is fair or unfair". The House of Lords, by the way, seems not to be in such great disfavour in some Liberal constituencies after all. Major Renton met his constituents in Gainsborough on Tuesday, spoke of the "court of debate", justified boldly his attitude towards the Prime Minister's resolution against the Lords; and after his speech his hecklers "adjourned sine die"!

Thursday was a wholly Irish evening in the House, Mr. Birrell's department and policy and Mr. Russell's. As to Mr. Birrell's the most interesting point was his own new and whimsical description of cattle-driving as a "technical" injury to cattle. Cattle-lifting and

cattle-houghing seem now to be looked on as bad form in Land League circles, so cattle-driving has been substituted instead. Mr. Birrell, we suppose, would describe village imps or dogs who chase and worry cows in calf as doing a "technical" hurt to cattle. Mr. Russell denied that he had any intention of upsetting the policy Sir Horace Plunkett had pursued, which he described as "very admirable"—for a beginning. As a free-trader he disliked "subventions", but it is pretty clear that as President of the Department of Agriculture in Ireland he will be coerced by the Nationalists into adopting them. We fear that after he has been busy with his sops for a few years, there will be little left in Ireland of that "newly born" spirit which Sir Horace Plunkett fostered.

The Committee on "anticipatory motions" in the House of Commons has issued its report. Everybody admits that this weapon of public and sometimes of personal opposition has been much misused of late years, and the Committee makes some proposals of reform. It suggests that the Speaker shall consider what real likelihood there is of "the matter anticipated being brought before the House in a reasonable time". In unparliamentary English we suppose it amounts to this: the Speaker ought to be given the power to decide whether a blocking motion is genuine or not; and that if he decides it is merely a dog-in-the-manger motion he can rule it out.

If one may hint that Labour members and officials of trade unions have a fault, it is that they take themselves so tremendously seriously. Mr. Henry Vivian M.P. spoke for Mr. Hughes, the Liberal candidate at Jarrow, and the general council of his union, the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, censured him for not supporting Mr. Pete Curran. Thereupon Mr. Vivian writes a portentously solemn letter—one sentence has a hundred words in it—claiming the right of freedom of conscience as pompously as though he were the chairman of the Congregational Union and talking of the "complexities of the problems of life" as if he were Dr. Crozier and Mr. Kidd in one. Mr. Vivian becomes too sublimely superior to be human when he encloses a copy of Mill on Liberty for every member of the council in the hope that the spirit it breathes—and so on.

By an odd coincidence Mr. Lloyd-George in a platform speech was on Saturday branding Mr. Balfour as the most incompetent of leaders when Mr. Chaplin, also in a platform speech, was rebuking the Prime Minister for the same fault. The damage done to the Conservative party by Mr. Lloyd-George's criticism of its leader was thus nicely balanced by the damage done by Mr. Chaplin to the other side. But how much more interesting it would be if—by way of change from the common form criticism of party politics—Mr. Lloyd-George had described Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Chaplin Mr. Balfour as the most incompetent of leaders. And this, again, might be harmless enough, the one setting off the other. It is very doubtful whether these charges of incompetency against leaders have any real effect. Do they divert a vote, or, in the long run even, influence a single election result?

At the meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday it was decided to send a deputation to the Prime Minister to urge the necessity of the Government securing the immediate establishment of a London Traffic Board upon the lines indicated in the report of the Royal Commission. This Commission reported two years ago; but nothing has yet been done. When the Progressives were in office they were against the recommendation of the Commission to create a body independent of the County Council, and now oppose the deputation to the Prime Minister.

There are at present sixty-eight thousand children dependent on the rates besides the indefinite thousands who wander with their vagrant parents. Of these twenty-one thousand are still being reared in work-houses or workhouse infirmaries or in barrack-like communities. This system was condemned ten years

ago by a well-known Poor Law report, and it ought to have come to an end before this; yet the sixth report of the State Children's Association shows that recently the Local Government Board has permitted the massing of children under workhouse conditions. The Association is doing good in work helping the extension of the boarding-out system and breaking up the large groups of Poor Law children, and its principles are spreading amongst Boards of Guardians. Before long we hope it will be able to report something done for the children of the vagrant class. Vagrancy is increasing, and it will increase if the children are allowed to be brought up to the trade.

There are very curious contradictions in the judgment given by Mr. Justice Kekewich in the action brought by Whistler's personal representative, Mrs. Phillip, against Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. It was admitted that Mr. Whistler assented to Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's plans for writing a book about him. What kind of a book is not clear, but it was not to be a Life and Letters in the ordinary sense. He supplied them with a large amount of material; but he did not give them any originals or copies of letters. Mr. Whistler dies and there are many letters of his to correspondents of which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell get possession. What use can they make of these? This is the question in the case.

Mr. Justice Kekewich has decided that they are not entitled to publish them or make extracts from them or paraphrase them. He takes the view that Whistler in assenting to the Pennells' book did not authorise it so that they could deal with his papers as his personal representatives could do. Mrs. Phillip has the right, the Judge holds, to restrain their publication as Whistler himself would have had; though since the case of Lamb's letters we thought a man's representatives lost the right which he himself had during his life and that the receiver of the letters had the sole right of publication.

But what is to be made of the Judge's observation that Mr. Whistler not only knew of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's intention to write a book on him, not merely assented to their doing so, but furnished them with materials for the purpose, "and intended them to make the book as complete as possible"? If this is so, the inference would naturally be that on his death they might use any letters coming to their hands for the purpose of making the book complete. It would have been reasonable for the Judge to construe Whistler's permission as broadly as this; but he has not. Whistler's authority therefore means nothing to the Pennells, though if he wished them to write a complete book, as the Judge says, it ought in common sense to mean something. They can only use the information in the letters; and they would have had the right to do so much even if Whistler had forbidden them to write a book about him.

One of the conspicuous figures of the generation of barristers the immediate predecessors of those now reigning has passed away. Mr. Patrick Murphy K.C. was in the fighting line with James, Russell, Herschell, Lockwood and other great advocates, without himself being one of the greatest. Physically he was a genial giant: since Johnson was seen in Middle Temple Lane none more ponderous. He ought to have reached the Bench, where some of his inferiors arrived.

A memorial to Mrs. Oliphant is to be erected in S. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. This is a project with which all admirers of Mrs. Oliphant as a woman and writer must be in sympathy. Though the committee is mainly a Scottish committee, and Mrs. Oliphant was a Scotswoman, her reputation was as much English as Scottish. It would perhaps have been better if a branch English committee had been appointed to act with the Scottish committee. Only a few of the names, such as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Barrie, are familiar to English people, and there is a want of intimacy about the project which we are afraid may chill possible subscribers here. But so far as we can help by mentioning that subscriptions should be sent to Mr. J. H. Millar, the secretary in Edinburgh, we do so with pleasure.

RAISULI AND EUROPE.

THE complications arising out of the capture by Raisuli of Kaid Maclean are more embarrassing than ever. It is true that he is a Moorish official, but he has none the less not ceased to be a British subject, and the question of his captivity is therefore one that cannot be ignored by this country. It also affects more or less nearly all the European Powers. At all events it is of great importance for all those who have claimed to have any connexion with Morocco and its interests. The extraordinary reticence of Europe shows the reluctance felt to stir up a matter which may develop dangerous symptoms, but it may be disastrous for European prestige to leave in suspense much longer a difficulty which is rapidly becoming a scandal.

It is not easy to understand why the Kaid allowed himself to fall a victim so easily. He must have known his man. Whatever offers he had to make on behalf of the Sultan would obviously be distrusted by Raisuli. There appears to be nothing approaching to the ordinary rules of diplomatic intercourse among Moorish parties. Raisuli may have suspected treachery and forestalled it. But, whatever the cause, the Kaid too readily relied upon the recognition of ordinary civilised conventions by a brigand chief and has paid the penalty. The problem now is how to get him free from the clutches of his captor without jeopardising his life or the peace of Europe.

We quite agree with the arguments that have been advanced as to the undesirability of giving way to the insolence of Raisuli and paying any ransom he may demand. It is said he claims to be restored to all his honours and dignities in addition to being put back in command at Tangier, with the renewal of more than all his prestige. This would be to make him lord of Morocco and to abase before him not only the Sultan and the Maghzen, but also all the Powers of Europe. Whatever the risk, no Foreign Office could acquiesce in such a step.

Another attempt at a solution has been advanced, that the Shereefian troops should be sent in considerable force and compel him to surrender his captive. In spite of the authority with which this proposal has been put forward, it seems to have grave demerits and to involve great risks. The troops of the Sultan are by no means to be relied upon, as has been often proved. Bribery and cajolery might easily be used successfully to prevent their ever getting to Raisuli's stronghold at all, and when there the captive might find himself in the position of the prisoner in the "Roi des Montagnes" who begged the brigand chief to give her some bandits to protect her against the gendarmes. In this case, it is true, there is no ground to doubt that the Moorish Government is acting in perfect good faith. They earnestly desire the release of the captive and would give a great deal to set him free, but whether or no their troops are to be relied upon is quite another question and one not to be answered off-hand. There is of course the chance that the tribesmen might be overawed by the advance of a large body of Shereefian troops. They might be brought to believe that the Maghzen meant business, and the troops and their commanders might honestly desire to carry out the orders they received. In this case the tribesmen might compel Raisuli to surrender the Kaid unscathed to save their own skins. But if they took the other view and if Raisuli thought that by bringing his captivity to a tragic end he might so greatly increase his own party at little risk to himself that the venture was worth making, it is evident that to use Moorish troops would be about the most futile as well as the most cruel step that could be taken from the captive's point of view.

In any case a risk must be run. Unless Europe and the Moorish Government are alike prepared to surrender all along the line to the audacious demands of this bandit, the life of the captive must be at stake at any moment. We think however that the menace to his safety is greater under the method proposed of employing Moorish troops than it would be if another way were tried. There is danger that harm may befall Kaid Maclean through some maladroit intervention

either by Moorish troops or the treachery of Moorish officials acting against Raisuli. If anything of this kind should happen, a very serious wave of indignation might sweep over this country and we might be carried, even against our will, into something of the nature of armed intervention in the internal affairs of Morocco. This we would wish to avoid; but if Moorish action is likely to be futile, as we believe it is, and even dangerous to the captive, some other interference there must be, and it can only be undertaken by the one Power which has had its peculiar position in Morocco already ratified by a European Congress. We mean of course the French Republic, which alone among European Powers is in any way responsible for law and order. It has expressly demanded a privileged position in Morocco, not only at the hands of Europe generally, but has even had its claim ratified by special agreement with England. Indeed it is hard to understand why France has not pressed forward to claim her special right to intervene in this matter. Is it conceivable that any other European Power would try to stand in her way? We cannot believe that Germany would take up so maladroit an attitude. She is not accustomed to place herself readily in the wrong, at all events not with such headstrong effrontery. The opportunity is one that France under an enterprising Ministry would readily take, but her present rulers do not come under that category. France is rapidly abandoning her rôle in the East, though it is not easy to see why she should let slide so excellent an occasion as this for re-establishing her prestige. The best chance for Kaid Maclean's safety is to be found in a French expedition. But this must be undertaken on behalf of and in the name of the Sultan of Morocco, as England acts in the name of the Khedive in Egypt, and France in the name of the Bey in Tunis. No doubt there are risks in this course too. The advance of a European force might arouse all the latent Mohammedan fanaticism. On the other hand as Raisuli primarily plays for his own hand and not the honour and glory of the Mohammedan faith, he would see clearly enough that if a great European Power once undertook an expedition it could not afford to allow it to be abortive. Such a Power must see the thing through, and if any harm happened to Sir H. Maclean, Raisuli's own life must in the end be forfeit. The dangers on all sides are great, but those from a French expedition seem to be the least with the best chance of success. For that reason we should be glad to see it undertaken. If the recent glowing accounts of French trade in Morocco and its rapid growth at the expense of the other Powers be correct, surely France will move in her own interests. Can anything be worse for trade than the existing unrest and the terrorism of bandits?

MR. McKENNA'S SOP TO STIGGINS.

MR. BIRRELL was anxious enough to do our political dissenters a pleasure, but he would do it in a straightforward way. He introduced a Bill setting forth his policy in black and white, which the whole country could examine at its leisure, and Parliament discuss with more or less thoroughness. We objected to Mr. Birrell's plans, but we had nothing to say against his methods, which were honourable and large. We doubt if Mr. Birrell would have consented to do the dirty work the Board of Education has now put its fingers in. It is very hard on the Board; for in most things the Board of Education observes a high standard and good men can respect it. Legislation we might like or dislike, but that was an affair of the Government, it was not the Department's doing. Now the unfortunate Board is itself made to do a mean thing which we have no doubt is intensely repugnant to the great majority of the higher permanent officials. But we will give the Government full credit for sagacity in their choice of an instrument. Mr. McKenna was precisely the man for the job. The support of Stiggins is political breath to Mr. McKenna; so he might be trusted to stick at very little to please those who keep him in public life. A man of any largeness of character or ability, if asked to touch a job of this kind, would say, No, a violent change of policy must be made fairly in the face of

the country; it must not be done in a hurry behind the scenes; it must not be sprung upon those whom it affects adversely in such a way as to make opposition almost impossible. But your petty man, new to Cabinet rank, painfully anxious to make an impression, sees things in quite another way. It is precisely because making these changes by regulation instead of by Bill does take the Church at an unfair disadvantage that Mr. McKenna is so much pleased to do it. It shows his smartness, his superior acumen to Mr. Birrell, whom, by the way, Mr. McKenna took the opportunity to put in his place in the course of his talks with the Archbishop's deputation the other day. The small man is always anxious to assert his strength, being uncomfortably uncertain whether he has any, and knowing that the public is still more sceptical on the subject than he. Hence in big matters he often does more mischief than he seems to be capable of. In subordinate posts Mr. McKenna will do very fairly well. At the Treasury, where he served under a really big man, he got on quite well, showing aptitude for figures and the drudgery of detail. In short, Mr. McKenna is a good clerk, worth a salary of, say, £500 a year, and ought not to be anything else or get any more. He might be quite useful as a second-class official of the very department which as its head he is now dragging through the mud.

The public probably does not realise what Mr. McKenna's trickery really means. The question of undenominational or denominational religious teaching in elementary schools has always been considered and treated as cardinal. It has been the subject of innumerable Acts of Parliament and has never been treated by either party as a departmental matter. No Conservative Government has attempted to make a denominational move by means of departmental regulation, neither hitherto has any Liberal Government made an undenominational move in that way. But now Mr. McKenna suddenly announces that training colleges, built by private funds with the express object of providing a corporate life in connexion with a Church, must take in as a resident student anyone who chooses to apply, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic: and secondary schools similarly constituted must do the same. Further, every new college for training teachers, no matter if provided out of private moneys or not, must be undenominational, or it will not be recognised. Its governing body must be undenominational and its staff must be undenominational. This is obviously a sweeping change large enough to fill the leading Government Bill of a whole session. And Mr. McKenna does it by suddenly announcing that the grant will be refused to any secondary school that does not submit to his conditions; and that the governing body of every training college is to be fined £100 for every violation of these conditions. We can imagine Mr. McKenna's delight at "fining" a body of good Churchmen, amid the rapturous applause of Stiggins and his friends. It is possible, though we do not think it certain, that the Board has the power legally to do this. If they have, it means that the Government for the time being can carry through any education policy it likes in contempt of Parliament. What is to prevent Mr. McKenna announcing next year that the grant will not be allowed to any school in which denominational teaching is given? If he has the legal right to do what he is now attempting, we certainly believe he could do this too. Conversely, Conservatives by the same means could make a sweeping change in a denominational direction. These regulations are binding only for one year. Every year may therefore see a change of policy. The uncertainty thus introduced is enough by itself to condemn the new method educationally, but that is not an argument to appeal to Mr. McKenna, for it would not weigh with his peculiar clientèle. The new way annoys and hurts the Church of England: no other commendation is needed. But when the whole matter is brought home to the people of this country, and they realise how completely this plan of introducing a new policy by departmental regulation instead of by Act of Parliament makes the Ministry for the day the despots of every public interest, they will condemn this new plan as just a

device for going behind the people. There is humour, but no novelty, in its being the invention of a Liberal Government.

This is merely a further step in the Liberal design, going on from generation to generation, to weaken the religious element in education. The majority of resident training colleges are distinctively religious institutions, therefore a Liberal Government would so alter their constitution that their religious character must necessarily sink into the background. No religious question may be taken into account in future in admitting or dismissing a training college student. The son of parents known to be active and bitter anti-Christian propagandists and a bitter anti-Christian himself may not be objected to on religious grounds. If as a resident student he carried on his anti-Christian propaganda in the college, treating the chapel services and the religious teaching with open contempt and insult, the Principal and the governing body, by Mr. McKenna's regulation, would have no right to object. In the opposite direction, if a Roman Catholic, brought up in extreme Ultramontane circles, began under the direction of a Jesuit confessor vigorously to proselytise in the college, again the authorities could not object. Lord Crewe and Mr. McKenna say they could, but the plain words of the regulation do not admit of the construction they put upon them. Plainly such a system means breaking up the corporate life of the college altogether. It will end in sheer secularism; and we could respect Mr. McKenna more if he had the honesty to admit that he knows this and does not mind it.

Conscious of the weakness of his case, Mr. McKenna puts forward the plea of insufficient training-college accommodation, and piously hopes that his plan will lead to a large increase in the number of these colleges. It is not easy to see how. Mr. McKenna's brilliant argument is that Churchpeople, satisfied with the present colleges, being denominational, have not hitherto pressed local authorities to start more colleges. Now, he suggests, they will. Why? Apparently because it is impossible for them to provide colleges Churchmen approve of. We should have thought Churchmen were more likely to be less keen than ever about local authorities starting new colleges. And Mr. McKenna is effectually stopping their founding colleges out of their own money. Churchmen are not going to start undenominational places. Then where is the increase to come from? Local authorities, disinclined to spend money on new colleges, will be able now to plead that, the Church colleges having been undenominationalised, there is no longer the need there was for new undenominational colleges. Educationally, hardly less than religiously, Mr. McKenna's plan is unmitigated mischief.

DEMOCRACY AND THE BENCH.

WE regard the movement headed by Sir John Brunner and supported by a large number of Radical members of Parliament to bring pressure to bear upon the Lord Chancellor in regard to magisterial appointments as one of the most sinister of the times. How the Prime Minister reconciles it with his duty to receive a deputation on the subject after the Lord Chancellor had very properly refused to do so, we do not know. There is a recurrent levity about the Prime Minister's acts and sayings that sometimes forces upon us the unpleasant suspicion that he is one of those old men political who are perfectly reckless of consequences which they know they will not live to see. That the type is commoner amongst veteran statesmen than is popularly supposed might easily be proved, were it worth while—Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone all gave evidence of it. It is difficult to explain Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's complaisance in the business of the magistrates except by imagining that he says to himself, *After me the deluge!* The Lord Chancellor had given his reasons for refusing to make the magisterial bench a reward for political services in a letter to Sir John Brunner which was not only a model of dignified eloquence, but which, like all statepapers of the first class, exhausted the subject. We can quite understand that this masterpiece of reasoning was

thrown away upon Sir John Brunner, whose appreciation of the niceties of our language is possibly imperfect. But we are certain that it was understood by the Prime Minister, who must have felt the keenness of the rebuke to his followers. Yet instead of supporting the Lord Chancellor, as every man ought to who values the purity and honesty of the bench, the Prime Minister receives a deputation, which comes to complain of the Lord Chancellor, or, to put it differently, to appeal from the Lord Chancellor, the head of the law, to himself as head of the civil administration. It is an ugly move: the first inevitable step of democracy towards the capture of the seats of justice.

We have never believed that the Lords-Lieutenant recommended men to be magistrates upon the ground of their political opinions. We know of several applications made unblushingly upon that ground, but of none that succeeded. The Lord-Lieutenant of a county is, with few exceptions, a person of such high rank or social standing as to be just above the common prejudices of party. But he would be lacking in his duty to his Sovereign and his country if he did not seek the ordinary qualification of respectability in those whom he recommends for the sacred duty of administering justice even in Courts of first instance. Carlyle has done his best to make the word "respectable" contemptible; but he has not succeeded, for it remains the only word which expresses, vaguely but quite intelligibly, the approbation of a community for one of its members. The possession of property, or rank, or education, the steady pursuit of any trade or profession, mere permanent residence in one place without discredit, these things are, in varying degree, the constituents of respect, and the possessors of one or more of these qualifications are called men of respectability. It is not the fault of the Tories that the vast majority of respectable men do not profess the political opinions of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Loreburn. But the fact is so, and therefore a large preponderance of magistrates are Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists. For the last eighteen months Lord Loreburn, who is not only a good Chancellor, but a good party man, has been out with a lantern searching for respectable Radicals, and his quest has been so far successful that he has placed upon the bench no less than 3,900 persons, of whom, the Prime Minister assured the deputation, quite 3,000 were of the right political colour. But the Radical members of Parliament were by no means satisfied; they "complained" (according to the "Times" report) of the number of Conservatives appointed by the present Lord Chancellor. Exactly so. All the verbiage about "merit" as the qualification for judicial appointment indulged in by the Prime Minister is thus rudely brushed aside, and the demand for political judges of first instance stands out in its naked hideousness. What sort of men do these Radical members of Parliament really wish to be appointed? Do they seriously demand that labourers in rural districts should be made magistrates? They must know that it would be impossible, if only because the labourer would refuse to sacrifice the time, involving a loss of wages or of amusement, to attendance at Petty and Quarter Sessions. Do these politicians wish to see the bench recruited from the ranks of petty tradesmen? The administration of the Poor-law in London by small shopkeepers has not been such as to encourage confidence in their honesty and justice. Are Mr. Soares and his friends anxious to make justices out of the same material as the guardians of West Ham and Poplar and Mile End? There are, we know, a certain number of pettifogging attorneys and registration "agents" in rural and semi-urban districts who would be glad enough of the opportunity of making mischief between neighbours at sessions. These men, who are mere mercenaries, would make political capital out of every vagrancy and poaching case. There may be something to be said in favour of appointing Trades Union officials and the better class of skilled artisans in the large towns, where there are recorders and stipendiaries and professional chairmen of Quarter Sessions. This has probably been already done by the Lord Chancellor, and as long as the administration of justice is under the presidency of a lawyer no harm can ensue. It is undeniable

that a great many of the present magistrates show a total ignorance of the rules of evidence, a certain amount of bias, and a good deal of general stupidity on the bench. But this is not because they are Conservatives or country gentlemen, but because they are human and Britons. There is no reason to suppose that Radical working-men or small tradesmen would be less stupid, while there is every reason to suppose that they would be less honest. The whole thing, as we began by saying, is a political move upon the bench, a feeling of the way to the American system of electing judges on a party ticket for the term of office enjoyed by that party. We have had many portraits of the Tammany judge: but perhaps the most vivid is that by E. L. Godkin in his recently published *Life*. "There is a man named Barnard here on the bench of the Supreme Court. Some years ago, in the early part of his career, he kept a gambling saloon in San Francisco, and was a notorious blackleg and 'vaurien'. He came then to New York, plunged into the lowest depths of city politics, and emerged Recorder (criminal judge). After two or three years there, he got by the same means to be a judge of the Supreme Court, and married a rich woman. His reputation is now of the very worst. He is unscrupulous, audacious, barefaced, and corrupt to the last degree. He not only takes bribes, but he does not wait for them to be offered him. He sends for suitors, or rather for the counsel, and asks for the money as the price of his judgments." Such is the result of democracy taking into its own hands the appointment of judges. It may seem a far cry from justices of the peace to judges of the High Court. It is only a matter of degree. It is the principle that is at stake: and every honest man should, as far as in him lies, support the Lord Chancellor in his resolution to keep the seats of judgment outside the dirty arena of party strife.

THE INDUSTRIAL POLICE.

IF the police force of a city is undermanned there may be a very good criminal code, but the statistics of crime will be very unsatisfactory. The inspectorate of mines and railways and factories and workshops may be compared in this respect with the police force. Its effective prevention and detection and prosecution of offences against the industrial code depends on its being sufficient in numbers and its members being of sufficiently high character and ability. The recent debate on the Home Office Vote was important for the direct manner in which Mr. Gladstone connected the increased number of accidents with the deficiency of the staff of inspectors. The field is too wide for the present staff to cover it, and their work is constantly becoming more complicated and difficult. With the steady extension of scientific processes in manufactures and of new kinds of technical mechanical operations the need for the highest intelligence and training becomes more insistent. In the debate university education came up in connexion with this question. It is possible to put this point in as absurd a form as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald put it when he said that in this country a paper on English literature was set to test the capacity of men to protect the lives of people working where there was machinery in operation. This is a grossly unfair way of dealing with the argument that generally speaking a university education, as Mr. Tennant said, so far from being a hindrance to an inspector of factories is more likely to make him an efficient public servant. It may not be absolutely essential to a capable inspector. There are men who attain high positions at the Bar or in politics or commerce without university education; but generally it is *prima facie* the best training a man can have as a preliminary to holding important positions. There are grades of the inspectorate where for the detection of certain breaches of the Factory Acts it is not more necessary that inspectors should be literary than that police detectives should be; though if they were also literary they would not be any the worse. But in the higher grades Mr. Tennant's dictum is absolutely

true. As a rule the ordinary workman, even if intelligent, would not be successful as a factory inspector, for very much the same reasons that bar the ordinary non-commissioned officer. It is not technical skill in a narrow field that is the main thing desirable. Very wisely it has become more an object to increase the staff of women inspectors; and it is quite certain that the best women inspectors would not be women workers but women of a higher social grade. There is no use in pretending that this is not so: and it is better to acknowledge plain facts and not cant about them.

The causes are many which have led to the increase of deaths by accident or industrial disease, but they are all related to the condition of the inspectorate. By the simple numerical increase of factories inspection becomes more difficult with only the same staff. Then insurance, following on the Workmen's Compensation Act, is said to have inclined employers to be more lax about the guarding of machinery, or the use of preventive appliances in some of the trades where lead-poisoning or such diseases as potter's rot are rife. The charge that is made against workmen of wilful carelessness is no doubt true. It is the commonest of cases for the ignorant to suffer from their own perversity, but the consequences are too serious for them to be left to bear the brunt their own wrongdoing. In the case of lead-poisoning and some other diseases the taint is transmitted to the children, and the effect of industrial pursuits on the coming generations is one of the most serious causes of degeneracy that society has to fear. It is good economy therefore to have a sufficient body of trained inspectors who can exert a moral and educative influence on the workpeople. And where inspection is admitted to be desirable the inspectors ought to have the power of insisting on the regulations they think necessary being compulsory. Thus in electrical generating works the reports of inspectors show that there are many dangers to life and limb, yet the inspectors cannot enforce their regulations because inspection is voluntary and not compulsory. Bronzing and dry-cleaning works are other instances of the same kind. There is a dispute whether naphtha-poisoning is a form of industrial disease. It has been ascribed as a cause in dry-cleaning and in indiarubber factories. Mr. Samuel, who argued for the Home Secretary against naphtha being scheduled, ascribed the poisoning in indiarubber factories to carbon bisulphide and not to naphtha. But this is a distinction not of much importance to indiarubber-workers who are poisoned in their trade. The practical point is that more trade diseases will have to be scheduled, and more cases submitted to compulsory inspection, and that this necessitates the growth of the inspecting staff. This year several such diseases have been added to the schedule of trade diseases entitling to compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Acts; and we have seen the increased importance of inspection owing to the laxity which insurance against the Act tends to produce. An interesting instance is furnished again by the hesitation to include fibrosis of the lungs in the schedule. This is a disease which can be definitely traced to certain industries. But in its early stages it is indistinguishable from an ordinary cough or bronchitis. The workmen fear that if it were scheduled their employers would be so much afraid of being unable to insure them that they would be more liable to dismissal: that terror of all people engaged in ordinary occupations. So that the workpeople are more opposed to the scheduling of the disease than employers. The grinders' trade union have petitioned against the scheduling: and Dr. Haldane states that it would be disastrous to the tin mines of Cornwall. In a case of this kind, where both employer and workman are placed in a difficult position, it is clear that, unless we are to be as indifferent as they are in America to the terrible waste of human life and health incident to so many of our manufacturing processes, improved inspection and improved regulations to minimise the dangers are the only resource.

But important though inspection and regulation are, the statistics of last year for anthrax and lead and phosphorus poisoning show that they fail to cope with these frightful diseases. Anthrax mysteriously increased

last year and cases of lead-poisoning rose from 519 to 632, though since 1899 the average has decreased by about fifty per cent. The Home Office are about to issue new regulations; but it is doubtful whether in the earthenware manufacture anything short of the prohibition of lead glazes will be effective. As to yellow phosphorus, France, Germany, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland have agreed to prohibit its use in making matches. We still rely on regulations, but they are again being altered because they have proved insufficient. Undoubtedly more or less indifference has once more arisen as to lead-poisoning and the result is being seen in the rise of the figures. Four or five years ago when Lord James of Hereford held his inquiry so much alarm was prevalent that the government departments were pressed to contract for earthenware in which only the minimum lead glaze was employed. There are firms which announce the supply of leadless glazed pottery, but most manufacturers find the leadless glazes give them more trouble. They raise difficulties and the government departments are easily put off when the alarm has subsided. Now it is rising again they may be more strict and the figures go down once more. If the government departments such as the War Office and Admiralty would insist on unleaded glazes the manufacturers would soon give in, especially if other more compliant firms were invited to tender. The public need a lead in this matter which the government departments can and ought to give. There is practically leadless glazed pottery; it can be made very nearly as beautiful as the leaded; though it is difficult, as Sir Charles Dilke said, for the public to get it. But if the inertia is too great and the statistics go on rising there will be only one thing left to do: prohibit altogether the use of lead glazes.

We cannot leave this subject of factory and workshop administration without calling attention to the extremely useful work of the Industrial Law Committee and its Indemnity Fund. This Committee is a voluntary ally of the Home Office: it detects breaches of the law and follows them up to abatement and redress. Its report for 1906 shows a good record of hard work well done.

THE CITY.

A WEEK ago brokers, jobbers and trust companies were running about trying to get a bit of the underwriting of the Manchurian Railway loan. A 5 per cent. railway loan, guaranteed by the Japanese Government, issued at 97, with 2 per cent. underwriting—why, it would go like hot cakes, the softest thing imaginable, &c. A great many people were unsuccessful in getting any, and cursed the partiality of Messrs. Panmure Gordon in keeping it amongst their friends. To-day these same people are grinning with malicious glee, for only half the loan was applied for by the public, and the price is quoted at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. discount. Of course the substantial underwriters, such as the trust companies, and the big financiers, are nothing loth to have to take up 50 per cent. of their underwriting, for a 5 per cent. Japanese bond at 93 (which is what they cost the underwriters) is safe enough, and will go to par in the next six months. Even the speculative underwriter, who never dreamed he would be called upon to take anything, will make a profit of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. if he is forced to sell. Will nothing teach the loan-mongers that the market wants to be left alone for a few months, and that the public are in the mood to refuse a sovereign if they have to find nineteen shillings to take it up? But so it is. Sir Felix Schuster, in his biennial address as chairman of the London Union and Smith's Bank, tells us nothing new, but a good deal that is true. Two great wars, the persistent borrowings of local authorities, activity of trade, losses by disastrous speculation, and extravagance in personal living are quite enough to cause a severe depletion of the available loan fund. The depreciation in Consols is largely, if not wholly, due to the opening of Colonial Government stocks paying $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to trustees' investments. Sir Felix Schuster, whose judgment in these matters is remarkably cool and penetrating, thinks that the depression

has been overdone and will be short-lived. We trust that he is right, though we have heard the same thing before. The rest from speculation, and the curtailment of living expenses, together with the ever accumulating profits of trade in the provinces, ought to do much to restore financial health during the next twelve months.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that if speculation is scotched in London, Amsterdam, Paris and Berlin, it is nothing of the kind in New York, which takes no heed of the effete European financier. Wall Street is preparing merrily for an autumn campaign on the "bull" tack, and Union Pacifics have shot up to 152 and Southern Pacifics to 92. It is now rumoured that Mr. Harriman meditates another coup in Southern Pacifics similar to the one he perpetrated in Union Pacifics last summer; namely, that when he and his friends have bought as much stock as they want the dividend will be suddenly raised to 6 or 7 per cent. As the dividends on Union and Southern Pacifics and the market for the shares are entirely in the hands of Mr. Harriman, outsiders who buy or sell these stocks are putting themselves at the mercy of the most unscrupulous operator of modern times, and if they speculate with that risk before their eyes, well and good. We believe, as we have said before several times, that Mr. Harriman means to put Unions at 200 and Southern Pacifics at 100 or higher. But we have no real grounds for our belief; and it may be that he is planning to put them down to 130 and 68 respectively. The balance of probability however is on the side of a general rise in the American market before the New Year.

It is often said that speculation rises suddenly in some market where it was least expected, like a storm in an Italian lake. And this is true, not from any vagary on the part of Dame Fortune, but because very often a special market has been working unobserved, and even unconsciously, towards a boom. This is the case when a particular industry has been worked successfully by companies which are not over-capitalised. These conditions we know have been fulfilled by several of the tea and rubber companies in Ceylon and the Malay Straits. There have been assuredly a great many tea companies which were both mismanaged and over-capitalised. But about ten years ago a band of shrewd Scotchmen, profiting by the mistakes of their predecessors, devoted their attention to the planting of rubber trees. They are now beginning to reap the reward of their patience and foresight. We are therefore prepared for a boom in rubber shares during the coming winter. But the speculator in this class of share will do well to walk warily, and to acquaint himself with the facts, or a few of them, before buying. All rules admit of exceptions: but as a general rule the purchaser would do well to avoid Brazilian and South American rubber companies. Jungle rubber cannot compete with plantation rubber, and the South American companies are often directed by gentlemen who have no practical knowledge. The Ceylon and Malay rubber companies on the other hand are nearly all directed by Scotch planters, who have spent their lives in planting and watching rubber trees, and who are mostly honest men. Therefore our advice is, stick to the tea and rubber companies of Ceylon and the Straits Settlements.

INSURANCE: BONUS SYSTEMS.

THE bonus systems of some offices provide that small bonuses are given to policies recently effected, and very large bonuses are given to policies that have been in force for a long time. Except so far as special features of this kind are taken into account in determining the rates of premium to be charged, it is obviously foolish for an old man to take a policy upon which the profits are allotted in this way. He cannot, in the ordinary course of things, live long enough to obtain remunerative results. Here, for instance, are specimens of bonus additions to the sum assured, declared at the latest valuation of a very excellent society. The amounts given are the bonuses for five years on a whole-life policy for £100: they are irrespective of the age of the policy-

holder at the time of entry, and depend entirely upon the length of time the policy has been in force.

In force 10 years	...	Bonus £6 10 0
20 "	...	" 13 0 0
30 "	...	" 19 10 0
40 "	...	" 26 0 0
50 "	...	" 31 17 0
60 "	...	" 35 2 0
70 "	...	" 38 7 0

Dividing these amounts by five it will be seen that the bonus addition to the sum assured varies from £1 10s. per cent. per annum to £7 13s. per cent. per annum. The bonuses, moderate during the early years of assurance, are superlatively large during the later years. Hence a young man would do well to assure under such a system as this, since he may reasonably expect to live long enough to receive the large bonuses which will fall to his share in the event of his policy remaining in force for a long time.

An old man, on the other hand, would do well to take a policy under which the bonuses do not increase with the duration of the assurance; such a system is that of a uniform reversionary addition to the sum assured, calculated upon the face-value of the policy only, and not upon previous bonuses as well. Thus if the simple reversionary bonus is £2 per cent. per annum the holder of a policy for £1,000 has the sum assured increased by £100 every five years and it makes no difference whether the bonus is declared after the policy has been in force for ten years or for sixty years.

Similar considerations apply to endowment assurances payable at the end of a short term of years, such as ten or fifteen, or at death if previous. Since the transaction comes to an end with the termination of the endowment period at the latest, there is not time for the holder of such a policy to benefit from a system under which the bonuses increase with the duration of the policy.

A very usual system of providing a gradual increase in the bonus additions to policies is the compound bonus system under which bonuses at a uniform rate per cent. per annum are calculated upon the sums assured and previous bonuses. A policy for £1,000 receiving a simple bonus at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum amounts to £1,400 at the end of twenty years, while a similar policy receiving a compound bonus at the rate of £1 15s. per cent. per annum amounts to £1,399 at the end of twenty years. The simple bonus gives the better results within the twenty years, and thereafter the compound bonus is much the better: at the end of thirty years it amounts to £54 more: after forty years to £156 more: after fifty years to £314 more: and after sixty years to £536 more.

Of course in choosing a policy much has to be considered besides the particular bonus system adopted in distributing the profits; but what we have said makes it clear that policyholders of various ages, and effecting assurances of various kinds, should take such questions as these into account if they wish to obtain the best results.

INSIDE THE HOUSE.

(BY A MEMBER.)

THREE days in Committee on the Evicted Tenants Bill have effected little in the way of amending the measure or of placing the Government proposals in any more favourable light. As the days go on the number of tenants evicted previous to the passing of the Act of 1903 grows in a remarkable manner. Mr. Redmond with a watchful eye ever on the Chief Secretary, silently gauging the possibility of his swallowing capacity, judges that his limits of expansion are not yet reached, and a number that should necessarily have the elements of fixture attaching to it swells from an initial 800 to the addition of another 0 or more.

Whatever the ultimate total may be it seems that it is by no means to include only those who, as described by Mr. Birrell at an earlier stage, have been passing the last twenty-five years in a ditch, but also the patriots who at the time considered that arrears of rent could be more certainly repudiated by taking passage to America, Australia and elsewhere. These exiles are

now to have the option of their old holdings, and in the not unlikely event of their preferring prosperity where they are to slavery under Sinn Fein, will presumably be able nevertheless to exercise their rights from a distance; absentee-landlordism will cut a new figure when exhibited in the stately person of a New York policeman.

Mr. Birrell does little but declaim his belief in the infallibility of the three Land Commissioners and his own nescience in regard to Irish matters as a whole; while the Attorney-General dashes in where his Chief is afraid to tread, and, attempting the seizure of a particular dilemma by the horns, succeeds with remarkable regularity in impaling himself upon one of them.

On Tuesday night however the Chief Secretary by his unfortunate failure to exercise his authority over that wayward vessel, Mr. T. W. Russell, must be held responsible for the serious blow struck by Mr. Russell below the belt of an opponent. Letters had been exchanged between the member for North Armagh and Mr. Bailey, one of the three Commissioners, consequent on Mr. Moore objecting that the latter gentleman, whose duties are largely judicial, appeared to be occupying a great deal of his official time in consultation with Nationalist members in the House of Commons. This action seeming to indicate a partiality for one of the two parties concerned, Mr. Moore indited his opinion, omitting to mark the letter private, whereas Mr. Bailey, with the caution that becomes a Commissioner, shielded his own part in the matter by the mask of confidence. Armed with this advantage the Commissioner displays the correspondence to the Executive, whence it easily passes to the hands of the Nationalist leader. Mr. Redmond has much of the patience of an anarchist, and knows well how to wait, but knows also that with the bomb in his pocket he must not wait too long. Accordingly, seizing the psychological moment, he demands, with all due dramaturgy, the production and recital of Mr. Moore's letter, which well he knew was fluttering at the moment over the excitable breast of Mr. T. W. Russell. Nothing loth Sir Horace Plunkett's successor came to his cue and jerked out his part on the string that Mr. Redmond was pulling. He appeared to think it outside his "lines" however to read any but the one side of the controversy, and in spite of the strenuous protest from the Opposition refused to detail any of Mr. Bailey's share therein, but recited instead a preface of his own which he misconceived would meet all that explanatory justice required.

An angry turmoil was the necessary consequence; the Nationalists and the Radical rump, who will use any stick so that they can beat a Unionist, shouting that the letter be read, and the Unionists determined for their part that Mr. Moore should have fair play and the correspondence be given all in all or not at all. But noise and numbers gained the day, the figures on the Treasury Bench danced as Mr. Redmond wished, and Providence, personified by Mr. Emmott, permitted the document to be read excised from its context, with the elements of popular etiquette expurgated also. Such a scene should be impossible and would have been easily prevented had Mr. Birrell kept a firmer and fairer control over the erratic course of the rudderless Mr. Russell.

Thursday brought the business to a conclusion. With the Speaker in charge Mr. Moore was permitted to read the whole correspondence, from which it appeared that the matter was one of no great moment over which time had been needlessly wasted. The Commissioner in question indicated in one of his letters that he should call attention to Mr. Moore's written opinion "in the proper quarter"; and Mr. Redmond rashly interjecting that he himself had seen the letter a month ago, the member for Armagh quickly scored a point by proclaiming the "quarter" evident which Mr. Bailey thought to be "proper" for his purpose. Mr. T. W. Russell again evinced symptoms premonitory of his passion to break loose, but the Speaker kept him firmly fastened to his seat and refused to afford the House the entertainment of a Vice-President of Agriculture dancing anxious hornpipes on the hot-plates prepared by the Nationalist leader.

A notable figure throughout the discussion on Irish affairs has been that of Mr. Tim Healy. He has spoken frequently during the week and the House of Commons is not so dull in these dull days as to dissemble its thankfulness when a speaker rises who is certain to be witty and is accustomed to be brief. One of Lord Rosebery's "only two orators" in the House, he is always a welcome disturber in the traffic of common-places, and interjects himself among the tramp-steamers of debate with much of the romantic abruptness that is usually supposed to be attached to the visit of a surprise pirate. It is not, of course, easy for a mere English member to have any intimate knowledge as to the internal affairs of the Irish party, or to see far enough into their cupboard to discern the cast of the skeleton inside, but it has been generally supposed that Mr. Healy has at times acted in this capacity before the eyes of Mr. Redmond, and certainly the dorsal attitude adopted by the member for Louth (N.) and reflected by Mr. Dillon when seated by him on the bench indicates that little is lost between them—except Ireland. Some surprise was evoked, therefore, by an apparent awakened interest on the part of Mr. Redmond during Mr. Healy's speeches this week, and a careless interrupter of the latter gentleman was dumbfounded on hearing himself sternly called to order by the orator's rejected leader. Indeed, it was reported by another member that he had distinctly overheard Mr. Redmond so far forget either himself or the past as to reward his recalcitrant colleague with an unmistakable "Hear, hear". What these signs portend it is impossible to say: perhaps no more than that these two prominent actor-managers appear on the same stage for this week only for the purposes of the Evicted Tenants Bill, and will resume their strained relationships on the termination of the piece.

Both the Scotch and English Land Bills are expected to finish their Committee stage next week, and those two measures will be welcomed back to the House by members whose spirits have been depressed by four days of continuous bad weather and Irish affairs, a combination that does little to evoke an enthusiasm that only finds expression in a scene and its usual sequence—a personal explanation.

The Report Stage of the English Bill is already fixed for 12 and 13 August, and it now seems probable that the Scotch measure will be taken before this date. The Prime Minister mentions 24 August as a possible day for the termination of the session, and members now spending laborious days that have their beginning at midnight in the House, continue in Committee-rooms before noon and never end until to-morrow will gladly welcome the release.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

ACCORDING TO A SOCIALIST.

[It is always useful to have the other side of a matter well put.—ED. S.R.]

NOTHING ever brought home to me more directly the enormous natural aptitude of the Kelto-Saxon race for diplomacy than my visit to the International Conference at Algieras last year. With the utmost ease and grace we (like swift-footed Atalanta) were easily the first of all the nationalities represented in the field of diplomacy. Our diplomatic ruses and conventions were as distinct from those of any of the foreign diplomatists as is the easy seat of a cowboy, his hat blown back by the wind, and his reins held high and loosely, when he rushes to "cut out" a wild Texas steer, from the constrained attitude, clumsy gestures, and red face of the British foxhunter at Melton when he thunders down a soft woodland ride, his coat-tails flying and exposing the portion of his anatomy usually kept concealed behind a decent veil of broadcloth, his hands full of a bunch of reins, and his face scarlet with exercise and the champagne he has imbibed overnight. This being the case, Mr. Blunt's work* should be of

extraordinary interest to the British public, for it presents a view of "things of Egypt" (as the gypsies used to say) that the diplomatic art has sedulously concealed.

As, I verily believe, no Liberal paper would admit a review of the work on its merits, and as up to the present time the Socialist press has little influence with the general public, I have turned to the paper which I believe holds the strongest Tory views in the republic.

Imprimis, a book by Mr. Blunt is always an event in the annals of contemporary literature.

The number of the literary elect is indeed small in this isle of saints. Henry James, Conrad, Hardy, Hudson, Meredith, Yeats, Galsworthy, Masfield—and one's pen begins to slacken in its course in the realms of pure fiction. I do not name Swinburne, as he almost belongs to another generation, and only survives, in a literary sense, as the afterglow of a summer day in the Western Islands survives, to make us wonder what the real glory was, of which we see but the reflection. To these mortal immortals we may add, I think, Moira O'Neale and Barbara Baynton. Shaw falls into another category . . . then, I pause for a reply.

But Blunt also falls into a class apart. His early poetry places him almost beside Swinburne; his sense of sympathy for the oppressed, beside Mazzini; and his pertinacity in attack, beside those bull-dogs whose feet our "sportsmanlike" ancestors used (so says tradition) to cut off one by one, to enjoy the spectacle of seeing them rushing at the bull upon their stumps.

It is a pity that a puling sentimentality has by degrees deprived us one by one of the sports that made our ancestors capable of becoming our progenitors.

In his task Mr. Blunt had the advantage of the advice and help of Sheikh Mohamed Abdu (may God have pardoned him!), the Grand Mufti of Egypt, whom even Lord Cromer, who is of course the villain of this piece, cites with approval in his last annual report. The work begins with prophecy quite in the Oriental vein, for in a preface penned in 1895 the author ventures the belief that "the Egyptian question, though now quiescent, will reassert itself unexpectedly in some urgent form hereafter, requiring of Englishmen a new examination of their position there".

Well . . . he is justified of faith, and by the course of time, which, maybe, is a stronger thing than faith . . . that is, of course, just as your readers choose to look at the two things.

One thing is certain, and that is that the British public is profoundly ignorant of the springs which moved our policy after the bombardment of Alexandria by the peace-loving Mr. Gladstone.

How different, histories of "Bloody" Mary, and of her sister the no less sanguinary Elizabeth, appear when the writers hail from the rival theologic camps of Rome or of Geneva! and in the same way does the Cromeristic view of things of Egypt differ from that of one who was Arábi's friend, when the general public thought that personage was a mere scheming traitor, thrusting himself impiously in between Jehovah and his Englishmen.

That is the thesis of the book, and there are (ridiculous as it appears) two aspects of the Egyptian question, in spite of us and of our Olympian pose.

A talented lady from New Zealand was the first to give this Jovian attitude of mind (and body) its veritable name.

But, to skip back again from far Otago to El Káhira, it is always interesting to read a journal of contemporary events kept by a man of genius, and Mr. Blunt, although a poet, daily recorded, as conscientiously as if he were a publican or Minister of State, all his impressions of what was going forward in the interesting time when the Egyptians fought for freedom against the firm termed by the "Sydney Bulletin" ("ce n'est pas moi qui parle, mais Marc Aureille") Cohen, Bull and Company.

It is also interesting to trace the evolution of a true (and I suppose blue) Tory landowner, as was Mr. Blunt in 1880, through the jam and senna stage of Gladstonism to the time when he joined hands with his brother in Mohamed Sheikh el Abdu, and became as

* "Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt." By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. London: Fisher Unwin. 1907. 15s.

one who, having seen things in the kaleidoscope of politics, rises to see them clearly, as a man.

Briefly put, I think the general idea in England of the events of 1881 is as follows: It is assumed that certain "nigger" rascals, for their own ends, stirred up the fellahin of Egypt and caused them to rebel against the French and English dual control, thereby imperilling their own salvation and trying to throw back the country under Turkish rule.

The same untruths were circulated then as now about the movement having been fomented by the Turks and by mysterious agitators, as if a people ever could be agitated without their own consent.

The smallest study of all great movements shows that the agitator grows from the ferment going on amongst a people, but of necessity cannot produce it, any more than froth produces beer. But, either from ignorance or from design, most people hold the contrary, just as they hold drink is the cause of poverty, instead of poverty the cause of drink. But, says Sheikh Abdu's pupil, "it cannot be too strongly emphasised that the national movement of 1881 was essentially a fellah movement, having for its object the emancipation of the fellahin, and that it was directed primarily against the iniquitous Turkish Government, which had ruined the country, and only incidentally against the Anglo-French control when this last declared itself openly the ally and the supporter of that tyranny". This is not pleasant reading for a nation such as we are, who are convinced that everything we do is providentially inspired for other people's good.

Still the case is very clearly laid before the reader, and is supported by a wealth of documents and letters which will go far, I think, to make the unbiassed reader see the sorry part we played in Egypt five-and-twenty years ago.

That in some measure various material benefits have ensued under our rule the author does not, I think, deny. True that the "kourbash" is abolished and that the country is quite solvent, the fellahin are prosperous, Philæ is submerged, and Cairo has become a sort of compound of a German Tingel-Tangel and of Monte Carlo, and swarms with fashionable folk.

All this is patent, especially the fashionable folk; but till the other day not the least atom of the feeling of national independence existed in the land. Therefore, the writer seems to say, is mere material advance sufficient to outweigh the loss of everything which to an Englishman is dearer than his life, or at least used to be? One wonders sometimes if it can be true that the Creator of the world was really so careless in his work that when his task was over most of it was but ill contrived, and that he had to turn to us to help him to perfect that which apparently was quite beyond his power?

At any rate in 1881 the Egyptian Nationalists drew up a programme which, as the writer says, "was so sedulously moderate, its meaning so frank and logical, that it seemed impossible the position in Egypt should any longer be misunderstood, especially in England, with an immense Liberal majority in the House of Commons, and Mr. Gladstone at the head of affairs."

History repeats itself, and one might think that one was reading of the floggings and the hangings of the Denshaw Cabinet of the present year of grace.

It is most instructive to read the letters of contemporary public men who, if they were alive, would, I can imagine, have given something to retrieve them from the hands of the impetuous but diplomatic squire of Crabbet.

It is not either a pleasant matter to endure his pitiless dissection, and the soul of Mr. Gladstone, when it has read the character set down as having animated its mortal envelope, might justly stand aghast. Still Mr. Blunt in two short pages puts Mr. Gladstone on the canvas of his picture ten times more vividly than Mr. Morley does in two long tomes. But then the man of genius and the mere conscientious man of letters are wide apart as are the poles. What can be better or profounder than the following, which I cull amongst the flowers scattered about the book?

"Gladstone, as I have said, was two personages. His human side was very charming. He had an immense force of sympathy . . . and he had also a

certain humility of attitude, often towards persons far inferior to himself, which compelled their affectionate regard. . . .

"All this made him beloved, especially by the young, by the women who knew him well, both those who were good and those who were less good.

"This was the happy, the consistent part of him.

"His public life was to a large extent a fraud, as indeed the public life of any great Parliamentary must be. The insincerities of debate were ingrained in him. . . . By the time he was thirty he had learned to look upon the 'Vote of the House' as the supreme criterion of right and wrong in public things . . . until towards the end of his life his own personal impulses of good and bad assumed the character of tastes rather than of principles . . . His long habit too of publicity had bred in him, as it does in actors, a tendency to self-deception."

No better portrait of Mr. Gladstone at his best and worst was ever painted. It is as far removed from the fulsome eulogies of the Liberals as from the equally fulsome abuse of the Conservatives.

But the book contains other matter besides portraits, and shows step by step how the Liberal Cabinet of 1881, at first inclined to take a Liberal view of what was passing in Egypt, urged by its permanent officials, frightened by the clamour of the press, and pressed by a corrupt gang of international financiers, just as were the Tories before the Boer "schlemossel" (for it was only, as the late Lord Chancellor declared, "a sort of war") descended to the infamies of the bombardment of Alexandria and of Tel-el-Kebir.

A sorry page enough to read about ourselves, that same "campaign" which finished by installing us in Egypt as the rent-receivers for the Hebrew and the Christian "Jews". Certainly an amazing book has been put forth by Mr. Blunt, so indiscreet that if he were a Russian it would probably cost him his life, and if he had been poor (although a free-born Briton) would certainly have lost him his daily bread, and left him in the limbo of those who foolishly have dared to speak the truth.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

NAMES AND TITLES.

I.—NAMES.

THE only "proper" method, we are told, of changing one's name is to obtain the gracious permission of the Crown by petition, of course with the kindly and expensive assistance of the College of Arms. What "proper" may really mean is difficult to understand, as it is clear law that the only kind of name in which anyone can have exclusive possession is one used for trade purposes. Provided a man does so with no fraudulent intent, he may call himself by any name he fancies. If a person changes his name the first essential is that his circle of acquaintance should be quickly informed of the change, shortly, that his identity be not lost. The usual, reasonable, inexpensive and therefore perhaps plebeian, method of changing one's name is to advertise the fact of change in the newspapers and to enroll a deed in the High Court. This is quite enough to distinguish the new name from a mere alias, and satisfies all legal purposes. There is yet another course open, and one which may appeal to people of imagination—a private Act of Parliament, an authority which is above even the Heralds, with all their fees and formalities. True, it would be expensive for an individual; and an Irish member might move an amendment to prefix an O' or a Mac, and so delay matters; but assuming no opposition these days of co-operative enterprise should overcome all difficulties and reduce expense to a minimum. No doubt the big stores could easily be persuaded to start a "name-change and hyphen" department and keep open an order book until a sufficient number of name-changers had signed on to make it worth while and cheap enough to promote a Bill. To possess one's name by Act of Parliament would indeed be a distinction.

One need not ridicule all changes of name, as these are often justifiable, and moreover in keeping with good English custom. Where the heirs male of a

name and property fail, it is fit that an heir general should take the old name which has always been associated with the property, and is, so to speak, part of the countryside; and in some cases possessed even of a national reputation. The strongest condemnation ought, however, to be meted out to those whose name is changed solely from the snobbish motive of pretence to ancestry which is in no way connected with the pretenders. Of this contemptible fraud on English history there are many examples among both nobles and commoners. How many people, for instance, have fled, and are fleeing, from the name of Smith? a clan which multiplies so quickly that even arbitrary variations in spelling soon cease to distinguish its members. The subterfuges employed to escape oblivion in the mass are as varied as ingenious. Replacing "i" by "y" takes in no one in England, nor in Ireland, even though there an extra "e" be added. It has remained for one member of the clan to immortalise himself by spelling the name Smijth. It was thus, he said, in an ancient deed, and what the ancestors were so must their descendants be. He evidently forgot, or probably never knew, that ancient scribes were bad spellers and even worse writers. We can sympathise with the wish of certain Smiths, Browns or Joneses to distinguish themselves from others of the name, if only on the ground of identity and convenience, for personal nicknames, however apt, are no longer polite. It cannot be said, however, that in every case there is no pretence to other ancestry. Late in the eighteenth century a certain Smith acquired a considerable fortune, to which his existing descendants probably owe the greater part of their position. What need then for the Smith of 1839 to become Carrington by royal license, and still later by the same process to drop one "r" from that name?

Among other spelling eccentricities is the refusal of certain families to recognise the existence of the capital letter "F". Possibly floride is much more aristocratic than Ford, but why if this be permissible should not one of the Jones clan be allowed to write his name jjohnes? Happily this silly mannerism is dying out, as families probably find it tiresome continually to be reminding common persons that they have a private variation of the alphabet.

We pity most of all that poor particle "de" which during the last century, and that only, has been almost hunted to death by new families. "De" means "of" somewhere, they argue; and if you are "of" somewhere you must be somebody, and therefore your ancestors must have been somebody too. Q.E.D. It is of course quite impossible to pretend to Norman ancestry if your name be Wilkins; it would be ridiculous to imagine such a person in a suit of armour—he could never do more than clean it—but de Winton conjures up visions of tournaments and fair ladies; so too while Mullins is horribly plebeian De Moleyns is quite another matter, and who in de Montmorency, that ancient French house, would recognise plain Mr. Morris?

II.—TITLES.

If he were alive to-day, how the heart of Sir Vavasour Firebrace would swell with satisfaction. The cry of the baronets has been heard and a Home Office Committee has sat upon their privileges and position. Whether its report will result in anything is quite another matter. It is certainly time something were done to make clear who is and who is not a real baronet for probably about a hundred persons who style themselves baronet could never substantiate a claim to the dignity. An official roll and a specially constituted committee for privileges by way of appeal is suggested, and the evidence required is not to be too strict. Such a course would probably quickly weed out the worst pretenders, and help to raise the price of baronetcies in the political market.

Considering how jealously the House of Lords guards its privileges it is surprising that there has been devised no means of regulating the right of bearing courtesy titles. The custom of society is the only control, and society is so ignorant in such matters that it usually swallows what is given it; besides, it probably remembers a proverb concerning motes and beams. The heirs

of peers of the rank of earl and upwards usually adopt the father's second title and are so styled, or as official documents have it, "John Smith commonly called Viscount Jones". This rule, however, is not strictly kept, and there are existing instances of the heirs of peers bearing by courtesy titles of their own invention. But although there is no pretence to peerage on the part of holders of a courtesy title, they get nearly every material advantage attached to being a "lord" both at home and abroad, as the public cannot be expected to understand the legal difference between a lord and a peer of Parliament.

If there are peculiarities concerning courtesy titles borne by men, what must be said of women? Once a peeress, a woman from a society point of view cannot reasonably be expected to drop the title, except for a higher one. Some years ago the Cowley matrimonial difficulties dragged the whole question out for the inspection of common persons, who found somewhat to their astonishment that a woman who had divorced her husband and married again was still able to use her first husband's title. An attempt was made to compel the lady to drop the title, but it was decided that the ordinary courts had no jurisdiction in such a case, the proper tribunal being the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords, which however, perhaps wisely, was not troubled. If a lady so placed may keep of her divorced husband whatever is worth having, the position of the widowed peeress who marries again is much stronger. Where the law is uncertain, it can hardly be expected that women will do otherwise than follow the custom of society, which apparently now is that if a woman marries any number of times she has her choice of titles from amongst her spouses, and may make the best of what fortune has sent her.

Over the courtesy titles borne by the younger children of peers the Crown exercises some control, and usually grants to the children of a deceased heir to a peerage the precedence to which they would have been entitled had their father succeeded to the peerage. Such grants are made only after application through, and considerable fees retained by, certain officials. Some confusion would be saved and the whole question placed on a firmer basis if the Crown could be persuaded to define clearly the conditions under which courtesy titles are to be held, and to abolish the wholly unnecessary fees exacted in certain instances. It is said that the functions and province of the College of Arms are now under consideration. That body is something of a House of Mystery at present, and any scheme which makes available for the trained scholar and the antiquarian lawyer the mass of records hidden away therein will have something to be said in its favour.

THE CUISINE OF THE CENTURY.*

THE portrait of M. Escoffier, the frontispiece to the latest contribution to the literature of cookery, shows us the face of a man who seems born to command—he is the chef of the Carlton Hotel, but we say in all seriousness that he might be an Archbishop, a Lord Chancellor, or a great Pro-Consul. He has chosen an interesting and lucrative profession, where only talent can succeed and nothing short of genius can ensure distinction. Cooks more than poets are born, not made, and France has always boasted almost a monopoly of inspiration. It was France that diffused the light over the world, and though the centre of lustre has been lately shifting to London it is to Frenchmen we still look for teaching and guidance. A French name always counts for much in signing an engagement with hotel or restaurant. So it should be, for it was France that nursed the sacred fire. The Bourbons were munificent patrons of the art, and performed what Johnson called "feats with the knife and fork" at which the sage himself would have been staggered. In those days of its chivalry the science had its martyrs, when Vatel fell on his knife at the feet of the great Condé because the fish from Dieppe had been delayed in transit. The Regent Orleans in his graver moments distracted himself between his chemical

* "Guide to Modern Cookery." By A. Escoffier. London: Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net. 1907.

furnaces and the casseroles where he was arranging the entrées for the petits soupers of his rousés. The financiers with their discreet tables and lifts kept up the royal traditions, and restaurateurs like Beauvilliers were making fortunes, when a blight fell on Paris with the Reign of Terror. The chefs who escaped the guillotine had fled to a man, and more fortunate than other émigrés found lucrative places in England. We kept but few of them, for the love of country was strong, and they hurried home under the military empire to engage with the commissaries who had made fortunes in the war and the mushroom marshals of Napoleon. There were two appreciative patrons who could give hints to the best of them. Cambares was stronger in cookery than in statecraft, and Talleyrand's diplomatic tact was sympathetic with his fastidious palate. He was happy in securing the collaboration of the great Carême, who afterwards had an engagement with the famous Princess Bagration. That reminds us of the many celebrities, professionals or amateurs, who are immortalised by the soup or sauces they invented. The sauce Béchamel has given its author undying fame; the Russian princess lives in the potage which was the spécialité of the Trois Frères, and of which that restaurant jealously kept the secret; and the Prince de Soubise, a great soldier, never suspected he had made himself immortal by the soupçon of onions in a sauce. But the Frenchmen did not all desert us after Waterloo. Ude and Francatelli were successively maîtres d'hôtel at the cosmopolitan Crockford's, where the suppers vied in attraction with the hazard tables, and then their mantles descended on Soyer, who was more of a copyist and philanthropically condescended to cater for the million.

Celebrity is less easily to be attained now, but never has the profession been more flourishing. The higher education has been progressing and many able professors, combining practice with theory like M. Escoffier, have written most instructive books. Now there are openings everywhere for the aspiring artist, and with the recent revolution in our habits London has been eclipsing Paris. We are flooded with foreign guests and swamped in Americans. Restaurants and monster hotels more or less fashionable have been springing up on all sides. Competition is keen, dividends are to be paid, and practically everything depends on the chef. There are still great prizes to be won, for a name in vogue is worth everything by way of advertisement, but the difficulty is to emerge from anonymity in the multitude of competitors for place and fame. And the artist with high ideals is nevertheless doomed to pander to the popular caprice. There is nothing more to the point in M. Escoffier's sensible preface than his protest against "the frantic love of novelty". The corollary of the remark is that our menus are absurdities; at formal banquets especially they are a grotesque delusion. You know nothing of the novelties to be set before you: the entrées and sauces are à la something or other, apropos of the occasion or the guests to be honoured. With Suprême à la Botha or Vol-au-vent à la Laurier, we are all abroad as to the innovation. If not distinction without a difference, these modifications must be almost invariably for the worse. The fact is that the resources of science have been well-nigh exhausted; stereotyped dishes, tested by generations of gourmets from the philosophical Brillat-Savarin downwards, have been approaching perfection, and the last word on the subject has nearly been said. We are glad to say that menus have been simplified, except perhaps at stately civic feasts, and it is well they should be, considering the multiplicity of fashionable meals. You cannot with impunity, even for a single season, pile turtle and truffled turkey, sirloin of beef and haunch of venison on hors d'œuvres and entremets and the lighter French cuisine. But if less is served on a single occasion, the modern hotel cook, anticipating the vitiated tastes of his customers of the smart set, tends towards the richest sauces and most piquant stuffings, suggestive of the gross though savoury bourgeois cuisine—the tripe à la mode de Caen, for example—and all horribly indigestible. Moreover, they are fatal to the bouquet of the wines. For a time that may be all very well for young folks, with stomachs

cased in steel and the digestion of the solan-geese, but they are trying to the middle-aged gentleman in the swing, who must choose between chronic dyspepsia and self-control. The scrambled dinner before the play, the "light" supper prolonged into the small hours afterwards, demand extraordinary staying power in man or woman, who at the best are drawing heavy bills on the future. In vain they fly to Homburg or Marienbad, for the chef in the cosmopolitan hotel is playing into the hands of the kur-doktor. It is the old story told so forcibly by Sir Francis Head in his "Bubbles of the Brunnen", when he ridiculed the gluttony of the Germans and the Jews, who were drenching themselves all the time at the Stahlbrunnen or the Weinbrunnen.

The veteran gourmet, who continues the sage traditions of an older generation, has learned that simplicity with refinement is the secret of intelligent enjoyment. But unlike the Alvaleys and the Seafords he seldom mixes his wines. Unless with confirmed martyrs to gout, champagne is safe with everything, and even for gout it is sometimes found a specific. The heady port, the travelled East Indian Madeira, and the rich brown sherry, by which old Tories used to swear, have given place to the choicer vintages of Burgundy and the Gironde, mild, soothing, and gently exhilarating. Taken in moderation you feel all the better for them next morning. And as those wines clear the palate they refine the taste. You never dine better in these days than at some private table where the host is a connoisseur and the cook, whether a French chef or a British cordon bleu, is guided simply by common-sense and artistic inspiration. And for such cooks, with free hands and open minds, M. Escoffier's book must be exceptionally useful. It is based upon sound principles and embodies the researches and practice of his most illustrious predecessors. It is such a book as Johnson might have compiled had he carried out his intention of treating the culinary science from a catholic point of view in philosophic fashion.

FURZE.

I THINK that of all plants indigenous in this island the furze delights me the most. This says a good deal for a man who takes as much pleasure as anyone in green and growing things; in all of them, from the elm of greatest girth at Windsor or Badminton, or the noblest pine at Eversley, or the most aged oak at Aldermaston, down to the little ivy-leaved toad-flax growing on the wall. They move me, each in its way, according to its character, to admiration, love and reverence. No sooner do I begin to speak or even to think of them than they, or their images, are seen springing up as by a miracle round me, until I seem to be in a vast open forest where all beautiful things flourish exceedingly and each in turn claims my attention. Merely to name them, with just a word or two added to characterise the special feeling produced in each case, would fill a column or more; and the end of it all would be that the words used at the beginning would have to be said again—I think the furze is the one which pleases me best.

Now here is something which has been a puzzle to me and a cause of regret, or a sense of something missed—the fact that, excepting a word or two or a line about it in the poets, the furze is hardly to be found in literature. Think of the oak in this connexion; think of the elm, the yew, the ash, the rowan, the holly, hawthorn, blackthorn, bramble, briar, bulrush and flowering rush and heather, with many, many more trees, bushes and herbs, down even to the little pimpernel, the daisy, the forget-me-not, and the lesser celandine. But who, beyond the line or two, has ever in verse or prose said anything in praise of the furze?

One day, in conversation with Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, the late Director of Kew Gardens, who knows a great deal more about books, as he does about plants, than I do, I mentioned this fact to him, and, after taking thought, he said, "It is true, there isn't much to find, but let me recommend you to read Evelyn".

It happened that I knew Evelyn and admired him for his noble diction: one really wonders how a man who

looked at plants with his hard, utilitarian eyes, considering them solely for their uses, could write as he did. It is true that he saw some beauty in the holly, his favourite, but in little else. He mentions the furze as a "vegetable trifle", and even goes so far as to give it a few favourable words, but without anything about its appearance, for that did not touch him. It is not a wholly useless plant, says Evelyn; it is good for faggots, also it affords covert for wild fowl, and the tops (bruised) may be recommended for a sickly horse. "It will thoroughly recover and plump him."

I have often watched the semi-wild ponies of the New Forest browsing quite freely on the blossomed tops, which they bruised for themselves with their own molars; and now I know that the furze is also "good for faggots". In the wilds of West Cornwall, while staying at a small moorland farm during the late cold winter, we had nothing but turves and furze for fuel, and the dried bushes made a glorious heat and illumination in the open wide fireplace of the old dark kitchen and living-room. A couple of months later when the plant was in full blossom—acres and miles and leagues of it—I could do no less than sing my poor little prose song of praise and gratitude. To me it is never "unprofitably gay", nor, when I handle it, does it wound my hardened fingers, causing me to recoil and cry out with the sensitive poet that it repels us with its treacherous spines as much as it attracts with its yellow bloom.

The beauty of the furze in flower—that special beauty and charm in which it excels all other plants—is an effect of contrast, and is a beauty only seen in the entire plant, over which the bloom is distributed. We see that in shape and size, and almost in colour, the blossom nearly resembles that of the broom, but the effect is far more beautiful because of the plant—the exceeding roughness of its spiny surface, the rude shapes it takes and its darkness, over which the winged flame-coloured blossoms are profusely sprinkled. And when we see many contiguous bushes they do not lose their various individual forms, nor do the blossoms, however abundant, unite, as is the case with the broom, into very large masses of brilliant colour.

I like to come upon a furze-patch growing on a slope, to sit below it and look up over its surface, thrown into more or less rounded forms, broken and roughened into sprays at the top, as of a sea churned by winds and cross-currents to lumpy waves, all splashed and crowned as it were with flame-coloured froth. With a clear blue sky beyond I do not know in all nature a spectacle to excel it in beauty. It is beautiful, perhaps above all things, just because the blossoming furze is not the "sheet of gold" it is often described, but gold of a flame-like brilliance sprinkled on a ground of darkest, marshiest green. Sheets of brilliant colour are not always beautiful. I have often looked on leagues of forest of *Erythina crista-galli* covering a wet level marsh when the leafless trees were clothed in their blood-red blossoms, and have not admired the spectacle. Again, I have ridden through immense fields of viper's bugloss, growing as high as the horse's breast and so dense that he could hardly force his way through it, and the sheet of vivid blue in a dazzling sunlight affected me very disagreeably. It is the same with cultivated fields of daffodils, tulips, and other flowers, grown to supply the market; the sight pleases only at a distance of a mile or two; and so in the case of a sheet of wild hyacinths, it delights the eye because it is seen under trees with a cloud of green foliage above to soften and bring the vivid hue into harmony with the general colouring.

Now in the furze, or the dark green prickly sprays, the colour and roughness of which are never wholly covered and extinguished by the blossoms, there is an appearance which has probably never been described and perhaps not observed. The plant, we see, changes its colour somewhat with the seasons. It is darkest in winter, when, seen at a distance on the pale green or grey-green chalk downs, it looks almost black. Again in summer when the rusty appearance which follows the flowering time is put off, the new terminal sprays have a blue-green or glaucous hue like the pine and juniper. But the most interesting change, which contributes to the beauty of the furze at its best, is in the spring,

when the spines are tipped with straw yellow and minute lines of the same colour appear along the spines and finer stems, and the effect of these innumerable specks and lines which catch the light is to give a bronzed appearance to the dark mass. It is curious that that change of colour does not always take place; in many places you find the plants keep the uniform deep green of winter through the blossoming season; but the bronzed aspect is the loveliest, and makes the most perfect setting for the bloom.

There are few things in nature that more delight the eye than a wild common or other incult place overgrown with bramble mixed with furze in flower and bracken in its vivid green, and scattered groups or thickets of hawthorn and blackthorn, with tangles and trails of ivy, briony, traveller's joy and honeysuckle. Yet the loveliness of our plant in such surroundings is to my mind exceeded by the furze when it possesses the entire ground and you have its splendour in fullest measure. Then, too, you can best enjoy its fragrance. This has a peculiar richness, and has been compared with pineapple and cocoanut; I should say cocoanut and honey, and we might even liken it to apple-tart with clove for scent and flavour. Anyway, there is something fruity and appetising in the smell; but this is not all, since along with that which appeals to the lower sense there is a more subtle quality, ethereal and soul-penetrating, like the perfume of the mignonette, the scented orchis, violet, bog asphodel, narcissus and vernal squill. It may be said that flower-scents are of two sorts: those which, like fruits, suggest flavours, and those which are wholly unassociated with taste, and are of all odours the most emotional because of their power of recalling past scenes and events. In the perfume of the furze both qualities, the sensuous and the spiritual, are combined: doubtless it was the higher quality which Swinburne had in his mind when he sang—

"The whin was frankincense and flame."

But we regard vision as the higher or more intellectual sense, and seeing is best; and it was the sight of blossoming furze which caused Linnæus, on his first visit to England, when he was taken to see it at Wimbledon or Hounslow Heath, to fall on his knees and thank God for creating so beautiful a plant.

I conclude with this old story purposely, so that the cynical reader may not be cheated of his smile. He it is who said, and I believe he has had even the courage to print it, that there was nothing spontaneous in the act of the great Swedish naturalist, that he had rehearsed it beforehand, and doubtless dropped upon his knees several times in front of a pier-glass in his bedroom that very morning to make himself perfect before being driven to Wimbledon.

Linnæus is good enough for me, and for the majority of us I imagine, but what shall we say of the mockers, the spiritual harpies who come unbidden to our sacred feasts to touch and handle everything, and to defile and make hateful whatsoever they touch? Alas, we cannot escape and cannot silence them, and may only say that we compassionate them; since, however great they may be in the world, and though intellectually they may be but little lower than the gods, yet do they miss all that is sweetest and most precious in life. And further, we can only hope that when they have finished their little mocking day, that which they now are may be refashioned by wonderful Nature into some better thing—a dark prickly bush, let us say, with blossoms that are frankincense and flame.

W. H. HUDSON

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD AND EAST YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Chesterfield Street, Mayfair, 23 July, 1907.

SIR,—I concluded Mr. Rider Haggard would consider, after the publication of his letter in your issue of 6 July, that he retired from a practically drawn game with the honours of war. He has nevertheless returned to the charge, and challenges me, in a letter dated 18 July, to "come out of ambush", adding some rather un-

complimentary remarks as to "anonymous and irresponsible chatter".

I answer him as follows. I resided after my marriage for nearly twenty years in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and although of late my principal domicile is London, I constantly visit the Wolds and have not lost touch with the inhabitants thereof. My husband owns one of the largest estates in Yorkshire, his property containing no less than fifteen villages, with all of which I am well acquainted, viz.: Sledmere, Fimber, Garton, Wetwang, Helpthorpe, Weaverthorpe, Lutton, Kirby Grindalythe, Wansford, Duggleby, Bishop Wilton, Kirkburn, Fridaythorpe, Thixendale and East Heslerton. The Sledmere estate extends in various directions over those parts of the Wolds reaching from Kirkburn to Bishop Wilton, described in a few lines by Mr. Rider Haggard (pages 370-371 "Rural England").

During his rapid and cursory exploration of the East Riding in 1901 Mr. Haggard did not interview Lord Middleton, perhaps the most important personage in this division of Yorkshire, and certainly the most reliable authority upon the condition of agriculture in his own county. Mr. Haggard made no attempt to see Mr. Henry Cholmondeley, the nephew of Sir Tatton Sykes, who is the agent and manager of the Sledmere estate; nor did he consult Lord Londesborough or Lord Herries, both very large landowners in the East Riding.

Mr. Haggard drove over a large tract of country which he described, as I consider erroneously, "vast, cold and lonesome". He, according to his own showing, in the course of his thirty-mile drive sought information solely from four tenant farmers. No. 1 said "A living could be made by farming on the Wolds, but little more". No. 2 "admitted he was prosperous, but complained of the labour question". No. 3 said "Wold men were living from hand to mouth, and deplored bad cottages, labour difficulties, and lack of water". No. 4 told a very melancholy story, saying "There was nothing to be made of general farming, and it looked as if the country would be depopulated and the poorer land go out of cultivation".

Mr. Haggard, in his comments upon this evidence, writes: "They (the farmers) were *just living*, but if things became worse than they are at present, whether they or many of them will continue to live is another question." It was reported, and I have heard the rumour from innumerable reliable sources, that Mr. Haggard pronounced his judgment on the condition of the Wolds in the words "Agriculture on the Wolds is not dying, it is already dead". He may possibly now forget that he said this six years ago. I do not doubt Mr. Haggard's statements, written and spoken, re the condition of agriculture upon the Yorkshire Wolds were made in good faith. I venture to assert, however, that he received a totally erroneous impression of that county and its inhabitants during his transient visit. The native of East Yorkshire, be he farmer or labourer, is a very difficult fellow to understand, and he never reveals himself as he really is to a "foreigner", a term he applies to all strangers. East Yorkshire, even in Holderness, has suffered less from so-called agricultural depression than most parts of the United Kingdom. Farms upon the Wolds let without difficulty, and the rents are very little lower than in the most prosperous days of British agriculture. The population of the villages has not decreased, nor shows any signs of decreasing. There is practically no distress or grinding poverty in the district.

The system of cultivation by large farm holdings is the only successful system upon the Wolds. Had Mr. Haggard visited one or two of the "solitary farmhouses set in territory of their own" he observed upon his journey to Bishop Wilton, he would have discovered many inhabitants. In the East Riding the old mediæval custom still prevails of hiring labourers by the year upon the Feast of S. Martin, 11 November. The farmers feed and lodge their male and female employees—and feed them uncommonly well.

Mr. Rider Haggard has been actuated by the worst motives in undertaking his study of rural England. Unhappily he attempted a task impossible for one man to accomplish. If his investigations in

the agricultural condition of other English counties has been as superficial as that he made in the East Riding of Yorkshire, it is to be feared the result of his efforts will be not only of small value as to facts, but positively mischievous and misleading.

I am, yours faithfully,

JESSICA SYKES.

WANTED—A RICH FRANCISCAN.

Monsieur l'Editeur de la SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chantegrillet, près Crest (Drôme), France,
14 juillet 1907.

MONSIEUR, — J'arrive d'Assise et trouve sur ma table votre numéro du 6 juillet, avec l'appel de Miss Ruth Egerton demandant un riche Franciscain pour m'empêcher d'acheter la maison de fr. Bernard de Quintavalle.

Votre correspondante ne connaît guère Assise et se méprend tout à fait sur mes projets. Ils ne sont un secret pour personne. Si elle avait pris la peine de s'en informer un peu exactement elle saurait que, bien loin de me faire de la peine, son intervention ne peut que me causer un grand plaisir: il y a une dizaine d'années j'ai déjà fait des démarches pour que les Franciscains de l'Observance achetassent la dite maison, et ce n'est que sur leur refus que j'ai songé à faire cette acquisition dans le but de maintenir la petite chapelle à sa destination séculaire et d'établir un musée franciscain public dans le reste de la maison.

Bien loin donc de chercher à contrecarrer les projets de Miss Egerton en faisant monter les enchères, j'estime plus Français et plus Franciscain de lui envoyer bien vite par votre intermédiaire un salut respectueux et tout en lui souhaitant un prompt succès de lui déclarer que je ne lui disputerai pas cette relique.

J'espère même qu'il lui restera beaucoup d'argent pour en acheter une foule d'autres dont je lui communiquerai volontiers la liste. Quelques-uns des couvents franciscains les plus glorieux pour les souvenirs ont été abandonnés ces derniers temps par les Franciscains et sont à vendre au plus offrant, y compris leurs églises et les corps saints qu'elles renferment.

Que Miss Egerton fonde une ligue pour sauver de l'oubli et de la destruction les endroits consacrés par S. François, et je puis lui donner l'assurance que si elle trouve des membres plus fortunés elle ne trouvera pas de collaborateur plus heureux et plus dévoué que

Votre et son très humble serviteur,

PAUL SABATIER.

P.S.—Le jour même où Miss Egerton vous écrivait j'ai eu la tristesse de constater qu'un très important monastère que j'avais visité il y a sept ans a été depuis lors abandonné par les religieux et remplacé par une villa américaine aussi somptueuse qu'insignifiante.

Pour préciser voici quelques-uns des souvenirs d'Assise qu'il y aurait lieu de sauver:

1° La grotte du trésor où S. François pria avant sa conversion.

2° Les ruines du château de Sainte Claire.

3° L'enclos où S. François se retira après sa conversion pour soigner les lépreux, où il reçut les premiers frères et où sont localisés quelques-uns des plus gracieux souvenirs des débuts de l'ordre.

4° Le second monastère habité par Sainte Claire, où elle fut rejointe par sa sœur Sainte Agnès.

5° S. Salvatore delle Pareti, d'où S. François mourant bénit Assise pour la dernière fois. Cette liste pourrait être fort allongée.

[M. Sabatier evidently follows the correspondence columns of the SATURDAY REVIEW. Can not he throw some light on the mystery of the Boncompagni MS. and of Dr. Rosedale's ignominious silence, which was the subject of a long correspondence about a month later than this last year?—Ed. S.R.]

ITALIAN ANTI-CLERICALISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Abbadia S. Salvatore, Montamiata,
Prov. di Siena, 18 July, 1907.

SIR,—The interesting but perhaps rather pessimistic letter which Mr. Davey sends you on Italian Anti-

clericalism seems to me to call perhaps for interpretation. No doubt he is right in telling you that there is much anti-clericalism in Italy, but he does not perhaps emphasise sufficiently its "circumscribed form". Italy is not yet a nation. She is still a collection of quite different peoples bound together by an arbitrary and unreal event. Modern Italy is the creation not of the Italians but of the Piedmontese. Thus in Italy there are many peoples. Of these the peoples of the South, quite unknown to their brothers of North and Central Italy, are ignorant of modern contrivances which among the Italians of the middle classes at least pass as civilisation: this vast population is still absolutely Catholic. In Central and Northern Italy, the most materially prosperous, and the best-known parts of the peninsula, I strongly doubt whether a single anti-clerical can be found four miles outside a city. In the cities no doubt anti-clericals abound, so do foreigners, yet even Florence is still allowed to be Italian. As it seems to me anti-clericalism is confined to the very young, to the people of the "sixties" and to the political adventurers. They make a great noise, but they are by no means Italy.

For two years I have lived on the outskirts of Florence at Settignano. We are about two miles from Florence, which we reach by means of an electric tramway, run by a Belgian company, and engined with English engines. The land for the most part is owned by Lord Westbury, the villas are full of English people. Well, in this foreign stronghold I find it the rarest thing to meet anyone who is "anti-clerical". I find what I find in England, a complete indifference to religion—this among the better classes. But among the *contadini* who have lived here for centuries I find a true religious capacity beyond anything natural to English people. The Madonna on my house has fresh flowers three times every week. In the houses you will still find the blessed branch of olive over the holy-water basin. For the most part the corn is still (thanks be to St. John) beaten with the flail, but if a machine be used for sure you will find an image of Madonna is hidden under the seat! Among the young men there is a restless spirit of negation, of blank denial. But is this not equally true of England or any other modern country? The contrivances which we have mistaken for civilisation are too much with us for it to be otherwise. Often, as your contributor "Pat" points out in Ireland, the priest is to blame. He is generally only a peasant, and is sometimes quite as ignorant as the "educated" peasant boy.

And here in Montamiata where David Lazzaretti harangued the peasants and was shot by the carabinieri it is the same. Untold wealth lies in the mountain, which is an extinct volcano. Are the keen anti-clericals, socialists, republicans, nationalists, &c., working it for the sake of their country or their own pockets? Not at all; a German company is installed here and works the people seven days a week. Wherever you go it is the same. The shouting rabble, who are poor and would shout against anything—they are children—can only shout. They care no more for Italy than Ezzelino did. They live by shouting; they mean no harm, they are excited because they are poor and failures, they are perhaps hungry. The Church is the oldest and strongest thing left in Italy, and it is safer to attack it than to attack anything else. Again, I say, half in extenuation perhaps, they are children. If they behave as children why should we take them in earnest? Watch them in a law court, on a saint's day (they will never give up their *festas*), in the street or at the circus, they make a great deal of noise, but they mean no harm. And how should they be different? There are I forget how many hundred "noble" families in Florence. Do the heads of these take part in the government of their country? Not at all; they will be found every morning between eleven and twelve in Gitti's shop eating sweet cakes and ogling the women. If these be your anti-clericals it is not necessary to take them seriously. Most of the middle classes are in the north, but in Florence and Rome at any rate business is, if it be on anything like a great scale, in the hands of Germans and other foreigners. The modern Italian is without force or confidence, and he has forgotten how to persist. Here in Italy the Church is not, and never has been, in any

real danger, save from a desperate Government in need of funds as happened in '70. Italy is growing richer, every year more and more foreigners come to her: the Church is safe if only because it is more dangerous to attack her than to leave her alone. Nor is the Italian "religious" and "indifferent" in our sense. If he is a good Catholic it sits easily on him, it is your Italianised English convert who is Puritan and Catholic in one. If he is "anti-clerical" it is for some material reason, some obscure hatred which leads him to shout and demonstrate and make a noise, but will never compel this child to do any real thing such as apparently your correspondent fears. He might throw the body of Leo XIII. into the Tiber because that is about what he can do, but as to achieving a real "anti-clerical" policy which would result in action—it is as much beyond his capacity as any other thing which, good, bad, or indifferent, needs confidence, force, and persistence.

Believe me, yours obediently,

EDWARD HUTTON.

THE WINE WAR AND CHEAP CLARETS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

43, 44 and 47 Finsbury Square, E.C.,
23 July, 1907.

SIR,—I fear from the remarks of your correspondent, "A Buyer of Cheap Wines", that my letter in your issue of the 13th inst. was perhaps not sufficiently explicit. The causes of the "Wine War" in the South of France are shortly that the Midi produces enormous quantities of ordinary wines usually sold for consumption in France at moderate rates; that the Midi growers have now to meet the formidable competition of huge quantities of adulterated and artificial wines manufactured in Bercy and elsewhere in France, preventing the Midi growers finding a market for their produce even at cost price and from making a living by the cultivation of the vine; hence their pressure upon the French Government to legislate for the prevention of the manufacture of artificial wines, and though perhaps not the methods, yet the objects, of the agitation deserve sympathy.

Apart from these Midi wines, there is now in Bordeaux a great accumulation of pure Bordeaux claret of the better class, which can be sold in this country at prices far below those ruling some years ago. Many reasons have from time to time been alleged for the decrease of the consumption of claret in this country but the principal and true cause has not, I consider, been openly ventilated, and such is, the large quantity of inferior wine imported during the last twenty years, sold as Bordeaux, without any indication of origin or with very general and misleading descriptions. Shipments during part of that period and specially during the 'eighties (even by well-known Bordeaux firms) were largely blends of Bordeaux with Midi, Spanish and Algerian wines, and it is these unattractive articles and inferior vintages that have turned the public from clarets.

The public and your correspondent "A Buyer of Cheap Wines" should insist upon getting specifically named "Crus" and not be put off with those non-descript articles sold simply as "claret", or under the name of a Commune as St. Julien, St. Emilion, Margaux, &c., which, as I have pointed out before, are often a mere cover for wines which are neither pure nor Bordeaux.

There is no reason why growth and vintage of every claret, making any pretension to quality, should not be clearly stated, and it would serve the best interests of the wine trade and of the public if the latter were not largely left in the dark but if every article was sold under its true and full description. Consumers would then take a more intelligent interest in claret with the result of increased consumption.

Your obedient servant,

F. B. EHLMANN,
Senior Partner of Ehrmann Brothers.

REVIEWS.

A POET FRUSTRATE.

"Poems by Hartley Coleridge." London: Wellwood. 1907. 1s. net.

WE congratulate the publisher on this little book. The paper and print are admirable, the binding is decently devoid of the horrid gilt scrawls which most publishers (even good ones) think indispensable, and the customary futile or pretentious introduction is replaced by a simple and anonymous biographical note. There is plenty of margin, and last, but not unimportant, the pages open without cracking or coming away. Small reprints absorb so much enterprise in the book trade that it is worth while to commend these qualities by way of example.

Hartley Coleridge, of course, owes more to the accident of his name than some of his readers would confess. He inherited too, along with the name, something of that personal fascination which posterity, talibus testibus, is content to take on trust. His fugitive and shiftless career, his benign moral impotence, and his introspective self-consuming habit of mind all stamp him as son of his father. Critics who are in search of tragedies with morals (if a poet's life is ever really a tragedy, and if a tragedy ever has a moral) may batten at will on Hartley's story. Our own concern is with his poems, and with the man just so far as the poems express him. Alike in Samuel Taylor and in Hartley modern readers at once detect that rather indefinable quality which is called decadence. They detect, in other words, a poetic result, an artistic achievement, directly springing from sources apparently incongruous. The decadent poet sings of ugly things (as we usually call them), and their deformity or terror acquires a piquant beauty. He is morally unbalanced, and therefore his utterances, at their best, have the priceless ingredient of ecstasy. He lives in a seesaw of quick reactions between soul and sense, and these reactions communicate to his work just those inner glimpses of life which are so fascinating, and for which the demure, respectable poet may sigh in vain. When we get poetry we should be content with it. If we admire the Pyramids, we do not stop to denounce the slave-polities which were necessary to produce them. If a man refused to look at those wonders because he disapproved of slavery, we should say he was consistent, but a fool. And this is exactly what we say of the worthy folk who profess to be disgusted by decadent poetry and say they cannot read it. Here lies the reason why nearly all critical writing which aims at what is called "sober" appreciation of the more æsthetic, neurotic type of literature is fit only for the waste-paper basket. For ourselves we admit that Hartley Coleridge's work, to the small extent in which it is real poetry, affords us pleasure quite unaffected by our clear perception that it expresses a halt, diseased character, and otherwise could never have been written. We are quite sure that the stock critic of to-day, enjoined by some respectable publisher to deal with Hartley Coleridge, would produce a series of little sermons on the text, "If only etc. . . . we know not what he might have achieved!" We have no truce with this sort of nonsense. Everybody now assigns classic rank to the "Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan," though everybody must see that they are essentially products of a morbid mind. Enough that the products are celestial. We will be equally fair to lesser works like those of the son.

The fault we find in Hartley Coleridge, indeed, is that he was not decadent enough. Like his great father, only more so, he is sentimental. As a rule the modern decadent gains artistic strength from the fact that he turns no wistful eye on the virtues he cannot attain. He rather glories in his own abandonment. Hartley Coleridge, however, is in this respect a thorough Victorian. His bohemianism was accidental, not of his essence.

"The pain I felt, the gushing tears
I used to shed when I had gone astray"

are very characteristic of him. There is all the time a suggestion that he would like (if he could) to settle down in a nice house and be permanently reputable.

This, of course, is a terrible flaw in his work, for it divides and mars his unity of self-expression. One moment a poet of some merit, the next he is a facile hymn-writer:

"I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears."

Reading such lines as—

"The very hills, they are not now
The hills which once they were;
They change as we are changed, or how
Could we the burden bear?"—

we wish he had kept these and their like in a book to themselves. Unfortunately, the weak and the excellent are so mixed in his work that practically he has left nothing, however small, which is quite perfect as a whole. One learns to look only for fine lines or sayings.

The philosophic bent is very discernible. Lines like these about Truth—

"Her very beauty none but they discover,
Who for herself, not for her beauty, love her"—

recall at once the austere air in which so much of Hartley's youth was nursed. It is a strange proof of the spiritual division so fatal to him, both as man and as poet, that although his personal errors were those of the senses, he has little of the sensuous quality which is the making of some poets. More happily constituted, he might have matured a very different style—a cold and pastoral mountain note—and his best things are nearly always attempts on that level. He admires in November

"The patient beauty of the scentless rose".

Of Shakespeare,

"thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame".

His images from nature are now and then finely restrained, as where he calls himself a man

"irreverently grey,
Much like a patch of dusky snow in May,
Dead sleeping in a hollow, all too late",

but usually he is not much above the commonplace in dealing with nature. His power, we feel, should have lain with the larger aspects of nature, as he reminds us in one of his best sonnets, complaining that in the great city

"Busy man is lord of ear and eye,
And what hath nature, but the vast, void sky,
And the thronged river toiling to the main?"

That acute critic Walter Bagehot makes much of the "grown-up child" so visible in Hartley's character, and in fact makes this the formula for his appreciation of Hartley's poetry. We consider it a bad formula, for very seldom indeed do we get that naïveté in the poems which might have been expected after what is told us of the poet personally. One passage, however, has it completely, and quotation is not to be resisted:

"Dead is my father, dead is my good mother,
And what on earth have I to do but die?
But if by grace I reach the blessed sky,
I fain would see the same, and not another;
The very father that I used to see,
The mother that has nursed me on her knee."

That of course is poetry. By some happy chance the writer has missed sentimentalism and attained absolute directness. The result is a quality worthy of Blake.

A good deal might be said, not very usefully, on Hartley Coleridge's technical mastery of the sonnet. On the whole, we think he was the loser, and that any real poet would be a loser, by so much preoccupation with so trammelling a form. Enough has been said to indicate the fatal inconsistency which is the outstanding feature of these poems. They are the work of a man who had in him the essentials of poetry, of a man who in spite of lifelong association with great poetic forces can hardly ever be accused of mere imitation, however feeble his work often may become. But he had no unity. He is too sentimental to be austere, yet too philosophic for rapture; too facile to achieve a great style, yet too self-conscious for real spontaneity. He is a decadent, but he misses the charm of decadence pure and simple because he is always wanting to be something or somebody else. Given unity, he would

have been either a minor Wordsworth or an English Verlaine—two somewhat diverse possibilities, it is true, but either of them a distinctive title to fame. As it is, the sporadic merits of his work require the associations of his name and history to preserve them.

The poems are well selected.

HALF-EDUCATED HISTORY.

"A Short History of Mediæval Peoples." By Robinson Souttar. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1907. 12s.

THE author of this book is a puzzling person. He is not without some merit. He is sincere, and he possesses ability of a certain kind. He has amassed a considerable amount of information, although his pages have often the appearance of being a hasty transcript of notes from second-hand sources. Here and there he shows shrewd independent judgment such as comes to a man with the practical training of the world and untrammelled by conventional academic discipline. His hasty, scrappy narrative is on the whole more free from inaccuracies than first impressions would lead us to expect. And in his history of the Saracens and the Eastern Empire he has evidently taken pains to be accurate. But the whole thing is certainly not the work of a thorough scholar, or of a literary man with any cultivated skill in his craft. The book has no right to be called a "History of Mediæval Peoples". Fully one half of it deals with Roman literature from Livius Andronicus to Fronto, and with the history of the Empire from Julius to Justinian. The other half is occupied with the rise of Mohammedanism, the Crusades, and the Eastern Empire down to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. The reader who looks for any history of the nationalities which sprang from the wreck of the Western Empire will be utterly disappointed. Mediæval Europe, except for the Crusades, is a blank. The growth of feudalism and its decline, the vision of the Holy Roman Empire, the conflict of the Empire and the Papacy, the reign of Scholasticism, the rise of Free Cities and commerce, the glories of Gothic architecture, all these and many another fascinating subject which every educated man connects with the very name of the Middle Age are barely mentioned, if mentioned at all, in these pages. There is no apology for the omission. The effect on the reader is surprise, perhaps deepening into a less amiable feeling.

But if Mr. Souttar with solitary eccentricity will claim the right to wipe out all the ancient landmarks, and to carry back the Middle Ages to the days of Julius Cæsar and Cicero, or even to the Punic Wars, he should at least have tried to win pardon for the unexampled licence by skill or fascination of treatment. On the contrary, this book shows many marks of haste and a low standard of literary workmanship. It is possible, and from some notices we have seen quite probable, that Mr. Souttar knows his public better than we do. The diffusion of a superficial education has undoubtedly created a rage for history ready-made, packed into handbooks which carry the reader at express speed over enormous tracts, as the American tourist is carried by his courier from Dover to Bokhara or Calcutta. Mr. Souttar is probably right in thinking that his readers will be thankful for any scrap of information however baldly stated and detached from any setting. He seizes, by a praiseworthy instinct, on great and important facts, but they often become almost worthless or even ludicrous from the hurried, slipshod fashion in which they are expressed. We are told, for instance, that "for many centuries Latin was the language of culture. For many more Latin has been freely used for literature". The reign of the Claudian Freedmen is explained by the sage remark that "a time comes in every expanding country when it is no longer possible for one man to transact all the business of the State". Great periods and great reputations are dismissed with some pale commonplace which leaves on the reader an impression about as vague as there was probably in the mind of the writer. One helpless passage seems to imply that Vergil was so much the slave of his models that he had no style of his

own. Of Cicero's philosophical work we are told that "the subject was not congenial, but he produced a treatise 'De Republica'". Catullus, who has about ten lines assigned to him, is characterised in this terse and elegant style: "He was a talented poet, belonging to a new school of Roman poets, which modelled itself upon Greek fashionable poetry." Livy, among other defects, had the misfortune to be ignorant of political economy. Lovers of Horace may be thankful that his Satires escape with a single sentence, and Vergil's Eclogues are equally fortunate. There is a cryptic passage which classes the younger Pliny as "a famous historian" with Tacitus, and charges them both with repaying the kindness of Domitian by "blackening his memory". All this becomes even more amusing when we remember that we are supposed to be reading a history of the Middle Ages.

Mr. Souttar does not throw fresh light on the Imperial period, although some of his opinions are sufficiently eccentric. Nor is there anything attractive in his treatment. The narrative is often hurried, ill-arranged, and teeming with repetitions of the same fact within a few pages. Mr. Souttar seems incapable of conceiving that there is any difference between a sentence and a paragraph. He has a peculiar difficulty with pronouns which often produces a more than Delphic ambiguity. In the use of proper names he is generally correct. But within a few pages we have both *Nazianzus* and *Nazianzum*, Trèves and Trier. The form *Radagastus* occurs at least three times, and is repeated in the index. The style is generally fairly correct. But it is unpleasantly colloquial and unworthy of the subject, and in its vague, slipshod phrases, often employed where clean-cut accuracy is required of the historian, it leaves the provoking impression that the writer was too careless or too hurried to spend any time on the choice of the fitting phrase.

These defects of workmanship, however, are less serious than the unhistorical spirit which vitiates many of the author's judgments. He shows a glorious audacity in reversing many generally accepted opinions. But he seems to be unaware that rebellion of this kind needs to be justified by judicial criticism and an appeal to original authorities, of which there is not a trace in this book; it cannot be maintained merely by an appeal to the canons of Nonconformist Liberalism or Christian sentiment of the twentieth century. Mr. Souttar's ethical and religious standards are not yet of universal validity even in modern England: they are simply subversive of historical truth when applied to the character of the emperors and great churchmen of the second and fourth centuries or to the work of Mahomet in the seventh. There is a curious mixture of charity to imperial reprobates and sternness or contempt for men who have been canonised by history. Mr. Souttar gives Claudius a place beside Julius and Augustus. He is even gentle to Messalina and Nero. He regards Domitian as the greatest Flavian who was the victim of Senatorial spite. "The usual Roman lie", we are told, has consigned Commodus to infamy, an ingenuous youth with a saving love of sport, including that of the gladiator. Elagabalus is a special protégé of the author. That young votary of the Sun-god was first corrupted by "the great disreputable city", and then defamed by the Roman priests whose gains and ascendancy he threatened. Any virtues attributed to emperors who frowned on Christianity are the invention of the bigotry of pagan historians. Even M. Aurelius does not escape our censor, who regards him as a cruel and much-overrated man. The fair-minded Trajan, who thought only of keeping the peace in the turbulent cities of Bithynia, is a "miserable creature" devoted to "abominable rites".

Mr. Souttar devotes a chapter to the rise of Christianity, which reads rather like a Sunday-school lesson, with now and then a refreshing boldness of statement. Thus we are told "that, in spite of all precautions, Jesus rose from the dead on the third day". S. Paul and the author of the Acts would have heard with pleased surprise that the first Christian society "was confined to true believers". S. Augustine or Gregory of Tours would have asked for some proof of the statement that in their day a purely spiritual society had become a branch of the civil service. Mr.

Souttar actually traces the veneration of relics and holy places to the malign connexion with the State. He is of course incapable of understanding the *raison d'être* of the ascetic movement. And the great doctors of the fourth century, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine, who bore an heroic part in the greatest moral revolution in history, are treated with the scant respect a Non-conformist deacon might show to a country rector of High Church views. When Mr. Souttar again undertakes a volume of history, he might profitably consider the sentence of Gibbon: "Some reverence is surely due to the fame of heroes and the religion of nations."

MUSIC IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"Catholic Church Music." By Richard R. Terry.
London: Greening and Co. 1907. 5s.

FIXED in its final form before the beginnings of the modern art of music, pure plainsong remains to this day the full, lovely, unchangeable expression of the innermost spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. It is not music invented and afterwards written down as an accompaniment to the rites of the Church: it grew with the growth of the Liturgy itself, forms an integral part of it. The words that are sung are not less separable from the Church's services than the melodies they are sung to. Like a mighty arch, strong structurally as an old Roman tower, sumptuously embroidered with the richest splendours of the most magnificent Gothic architecture, it spans a period of two thousand years with all the wars of dynasties and life-and-death struggles of nations. Nations indeed have been extinguished, dynasties have come and gone, creeds and whole schools of music have come and gone. The Liturgy of the Roman Church endures, and with the Liturgy necessarily its music. It embodies the whole spiritual life of men who lived in their religion with a completeness not possible to-day and a fervour hardly to be matched. By reason of its truth to the historian it is a key to unlock many secrets; to the artist it is a priceless possession by reason of its truth and beauty. And this is a fact that has long been known to all men, save, of late, members of the Roman Church.

The Roman Church indeed has always been forgetting it; but during the past hundred and fifty years her memory has been especially bad. Mr. R. R. Terry, musical director of Westminster Cathedral, has written an excellent book on the subject; and Messrs. Greening have published it not a day too soon. Had it been published twenty years ago, it would not have been a day too soon. To speak frankly, the music of the Church is and has long been in a condition that can only be called deplorable. The charge against the larger number of churches (not only in this country, but also in France, Belgium, Spain, South Germany and Italy) is a double one: bad music is mostly sung, and all music, be it good or bad, is sung badly. Mr. Terry has gone straight to the root of the evil: the Roman Church has forgotten the plainchant and how to sing it. In this book he shows conclusively that the choirs and choirmasters of churches where plainsong is not sung are simply disobedient to numerous laws of the Church. For three hundred years edicts have continually been sent forth, all directed against the introduction of unliturgical and unsuitable music; and with a pigheadedness which would be extraordinary were it not so common and widely spread choirs and choirmasters and the inferior clergy have steadily and persistently introduced more and more unliturgical and unsuitable music. The Council of Trent declared that "the Bishops shall forbid all sensuous music in the churches, whether vocal or instrumental". The present Pope, in 1905, issued the "*Motu Proprio*", rehearsing in detail precisely what is lawful and what is unlawful in ecclesiastical music. Pius X. says: "We . . . publish, *motu proprio* and with certain knowledge, Our present *Instruction* to which, as to a judicial code of sacred music, We will with the fulness of Our Apostolic Authority that the force of law be given, and We do by Our present handwriting impose its scrupulous observance on all." And in spite of this things go on as badly as ever. The music of one of the most fashionable of Catholic churches is as disgraceful

as ever; its clergy and musicians disobey the Pope with as light a heart as ever. The Pope, we learn, has retired in disgust from a conflict with foes who have neither respect for their Church nor artistic taste. Mr. Terry continues the fight on his own account with his "Catholic Church Music".

It is a work which should be in every choirmaster's hands. It is admirable in every respect, in arrangement, in its reticence, in the clearness with which the "shalts" and "shalt-nots" are set out, and, not least, for the force with which the artistic plea is argued. The book is dedicated to Abbot Ford of Downside; a letter from Archbishop Bourne to Mr. Terry is given from which we may quote one passage: "You will by means of your book be able to give to other churches that guidance and direction, the admirable fruits of which are so well known to all those who frequent the Metropolitan Cathedral." The "*Motu Proprio*" forms an introduction. Chapter I. summarises in nineteen pages "the body of general legislation concerning Church music up to the present". It ought to stagger, indeed overwhelm, those who are devout enough to consider obedience a duty they owe their Church. Then begins the argument, artistic as well as legal, for the old music—the plainchant and music based on it. Let us quote the most important paragraph:

"All will admit, I think, that Church art differs from secular art in this: that in the latter case we have the individual expressing in his own terms his inner thought—aspects of life, in fact, seen through the medium of the artist's experience, and limited by his individuality alone; in the former the artist's labours are devoted to the expression of his own individuality certainly, but his individuality in harmony with the mind of the Church. In the one case we have an aggregation of individual views and aspects of life, and in the other a corporate presentment of the mind of the Church as exemplified in her sacred Liturgy; in other words, individualism pure and simple, as opposed to individualism restrained by conventionalism."

After this the "essential fitness of the old music" generally is discussed, and then plainsong, polyphony and modern music. A valuable chapter on the liturgical offices follows, and a terrible indictment of the "state of music in our churches." Mr. Terry is a Roman Catholic and writes from the Roman standpoint; he is an experienced musician and writes with knowledge. He taunts Roman organists and present-day composers with being inferior to their Anglican brethren in skill and attainments; he points out that through disregarding the magnificent resources of Catholic music the music actually sung in Roman churches is infinitely poorer than the music sung by the Anglicans. Then comes the practical part of the book. Nothing of importance to choirmaster and organist is omitted; every remark on the formation and training of a choir is of the greatest value. The elaborate directions for all the offices of the Church are perfectly lucid and accurate. In the two final chapters Mr. Terry lets himself go with refreshing vigour on the English school of music and the fate of English Church music; but a consideration of these matters is outside the scope of a review of a book whose principal aim is to effect a reform and not to enter into disputes as to what took or did not take place two hundred years ago.

Whether much immediate good will follow the publication of Mr. Terry's work cannot be said. The lower clergy are recalcitrant; the bishops are indifferent. The laws of the Church, so far at least as music is concerned, seem to be made only to be broken; and those who protest against the breakage, the wholesale illegalities not merely tolerated but actually encouraged, get laughed at for their pains.

THE METAPHYSIC OF SOCIALISM.

"The Roots of Reality." By Ernest Belfort Bax.
London: E. Grant Richards. 1907.

THE reader who is not to be daunted by a formidable phraseology will find this book worth reading. But the author's professed "purpose of reaching the average intelligent man" would have been better served by his adopting a simpler style of diction.

This is how the first chapter begins: "All science, all explanation, nay, all knowledge whatever, consists in the bringing of a content under a new unity, particularity under universality. Every unification of this kind constitutes what is called an apperception or an apperceptive synthesis of knowing, and every 'knowing' implies a synthesis." Here is a passage from the middle of the volume: "The beatific vision, conceived of as completely present in 'one eternal glance', in the very completeness of its finality would reach out to a somewhat beyond itself, and that somewhat, assuming the completeness, could but be annihilation, the *higher nought*." Now Mr. Belfort Bax may know more of the beatific vision than we do, and may therefore have some valid reasons for asserting that it would stultify itself in this way, but these reasons are certainly not apparent to the average intelligent man, in whose name we, perhaps presumptuously, venture to speak. In another place we are told that "The present day shows us a huge agglomeration of coagulated misery in the proletarian quarters of the average modern city". Again, when Mr. Belfort Bax wishes to insist on the truth that all that is born must die, this is how he does it: "Every content of reality that has begun in time must necessarily end in time, precisely so far as it has begun. Such necessity is given in the particularity attaching to it. It is therefore contingent upon the infinity of things in time, and in the ceaseless change proper to the time-content it is uninterruptedly exposed to the occurrence of a collocation of circumstances incompatible with its existence, which collocation must obtain at some point of time or other, near or remote, time and its content being infinite." If a writer interlards his English with Latin phrases, such as *per impossibile* and *cui bono*, he ought at least to use them correctly. As for the *termina a quo* and *ad quem* mentioned in a note on p. 321 we can only hazard the surmise that they may be the *termina* of the city omnibi.

Mr. Belfort Bax is, like the bulk of modern metaphysicians, an Idealist. In this he is within his rights. But he will not allow that it is possible for anyone to be anything else. He has the courage to lay down at starting four "indefeasible results" of modern metaphysics:—

- (1) "That reality is synonymous with conscious experience possible or actual."
- (2) That "the self-consistency of consciousness as a whole constitutes the ultimate test of truth".
- (3) That reality can always be analysed into two elements, form and matter, or, as our author prefers to call them, the logical and the allogical.
- (4) "That reality in its ultimate expression implies a totality of all possible relations of experience, but that the term as commonly used simply means a totality within certain limits, i.e., a relative totality."

We question the first of these positions. Must not experience be the experience of someone, of a person, or, at the least, of an animal, and consciousness an attribute of mind? With Hegel, indeed, we are told "the ego was a function of thought, and not thought a function of the ego". But of this position Mr. Belfort Bax does not approve. Here is his comment upon it: "May we not surely regard the formalism of which the Hegelian system bears the impress, and which led to its collapse, as the Nemesis brought upon him by this very hypostasis of thought?" Our author himself maintains that "although a bare ego, undetermined even as mere feltness, a subject without object, may be unimaginable, it is not therefore self-contradictory and absurd". But if a bare ego be a permissible supposition, we are supposing something which is not itself consciousness, but of which consciousness is a separable accident. So much with regard to the subject. We are ourselves, though we may not know ourselves. But even with regard to the object the dogmatism of the Idealist seems to be unwarranted. For what does his argument amount to but this?

Consciousness is all that we know or can know.
 ..Consciousness is all that there is or can be.

Now are we sure that being must coincide with

knowledge or even with knowability? The proposition may be true, but it is not self-evident.

But when Mr. Belfort Bax speaks of consciousness he is not referring to your consciousness or my consciousness, but to consciousness-in-general, to consciousness as such. It is in a consciousness which is the consciousness of nobody in particular that he finds the ground of reality. He speaks everywhere of a subject of this consciousness, but he denies personality of it, thus rejecting Theism. The relation of consciousness-in-particular to consciousness-in-general he speaks of as "the sempiternal mystery" and as "the perhaps insoluble problem". The "subject-in-general" on the one hand and on the other the bare object as such, "the feeling subject and the oppositional feltness", are what he calls the "alogical factors" in experience, the logical factor being thought-activity. Thus he is led into a curious kind of inverted Aristotelianism, in which the subject-in-general is represented as the prime matter of consciousness, of which the world of reality is the form. He is following Aristotle more directly when he reasserts the reality of chance, and finds its sphere to lie in the coincidence of unconnected events each depending upon its own cause. This is exactly the line taken by Aristotle in the beginning of the second book of the *Physics*.

Theism is discarded by Mr. Belfort Bax chiefly on the ground of the moral difficulties attaching to it, but partly also because he detects in it an anti-social tendency. God, he says, is "the appeal of the natural individual to the spiritual individual. We therefore remain still within the ban of individualism". But the true meaning and function of conscience is "the identification of individual interest with social interest". The time is coming when "through sheer necessity of circumstances" this identification will be effected. The place of God will then be taken by society as "the higher self, to which the individual subordinates himself". By "society" is not to be understood a mere collective term, but a new organism, which has been in process of development since man's appearance on this planet, but which "is even now no more than embryonic".

AN EXPERT TEMPERED BY RESPONSIBILITY.

"Fortification: its Past Achievements, Recent Development, and Future Progress." By Sir George Sydenham Clarke. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 18s. 1907.

SIR GEORGE CLARKE, we are glad to find, has managed in the intervals of his labours on the Committee of Imperial Defence to return to his first love, and reconsider some of the opinions he gave us seventeen years ago. The first edition of his book then created a flutter in the dovecots of our engineers, much to the advantage of the service and to the ultimate benefit of the professors themselves. Since then there have been four great contests between nations, and every one of them has supplied lessons bearing directly or indirectly on the problems of national defence which Sir George Clarke discussed. The principles for which he strove have been vindicated, and current thought has followed the direction into which he would have guided it. Whether it is a case of *post hoc* or *propter hoc* we need not stay to argue; Sir George, with a new-fledged modesty which is attractive, does not claim that he has moulded opinion, but the fact remains that it has been moulded according to his ideas. Therefore in this edition he has been enabled to start from ground which it had formerly been necessary to capture, to omit certain passages which have become obvious, and to apply himself to the fresh aspects of the problem which the flux of time has brought with it. In a sense the book is a kind of apologia. There is less harshness of expression, a mellowness of judgment, and a spirit of tolerance which years and thought often bring with them. Sir George, however, fears he may again give evidence of that combativeness for which he has not been unremembered. He need offer no apology. All men of strong convictions are combative. Strong men with firm views are open to the defects of their

qualities, and it would be alien from their genius were they anything else. We prefer Sir George as he is to anything which an addition of milk and water might make him, and like all other things of intrinsic worth he is best au naturel.

Those who admired the first edition will like the second, and we venture to think that those who do not remember the first will read its successor with the same delight their predecessors experienced. It is necessary for the young generation to explain that the book is in no sense a text-book. It embodies principles only, and expresses them in language as free as possible from technicalities. The historical examples, however, render it a valuable work of reference, and no student of the subject will be able to dispense with the assistance it will give him in this respect. What is remarkable is the strong common-sense which runs throughout. Fortification does not consist in evolving mathematical or geometrical puzzles. Beauties and niceties of trace are fascinating to the draughtsman indoors, just as was the illumination of missals to the ancient monks, but neither war nor learning demands such subtleties. Men fight in rough countries and do what they can in the circumstances of the moment, just as they read to acquire the knowledge necessary to success in life. The defences of strongholds have been gallant and protracted, humiliating or short, according as leaders have had genius for war and developed a good spirit in those under their command, because they have arranged for food and water and ammunition, not because a Vauban or Cormontaigne drew the plan of the works. Broad tactical principles decide the fate of a fortress as they decide the result of any other operation of war. Port Arthur, the latest great siege, only enforces the lessons derived from Sevastopol. The value of fortresses on a seaboard or inland depends on the action of seagoing fleets and field armies. Fortification to be of value must be applied in conformity with national policy or it will fail in its object. It may raise side issues, it may deflect strategy temporarily, but it will not make up for deficiencies or lack in number of fighting-ships or field forces. As regards the value of permanent works as opposed to those of a field character, what Sir George has to say about Port Arthur is excellent. The permanent works there were of modern type, to a great extent of the conventional pattern, but the resisting power of Port Arthur mainly depended upon earthworks hastily constructed in front, in the intervals, and in rear of the permanent line, and upon the action of field troops in sorties and counter-attacks. Lines of forts such as those at Liège and Namur will be equally incapable of defence alone, and must be garrisoned by strong field forces and supplemented by field forces on a large scale if they are to be capable of defence. There is no virtue in obstacles save as adjuncts to mobile forces. Sir George condemns the system of blockhouses pursued in South Africa, while he admits it may have been inevitable owing to bad management. With judicious organisation of mounted troops we should not have had to descend to so humiliating and wearisome a plan of campaign. Perhaps the most piquant part of the book will be found in what is said as to our defences at Quetta. We are told that probably "no other fortress has ever been erected to oppose a possible enemy whose nearest territory was more than five hundred miles away, the intervening country being unable to supply a large invading army with food and water". For what purpose are we spending money and why have we already spent so much on these works? If it is to be a base for an attack on the flank of our opponent, would not inexpensive field works have been adequate? Is it to shelter our armies when beaten? In that case it will become a trap. We should not legislate for defeat. Or are we to wait behind parapets while the Russians build railways? To do so will be to sacrifice the initiative and court disaster. These very pertinent questions demand a reply. Up to this we find Sir George at his very best. The later portions of the book, which to a large extent deal with gun-mountings and other adjuncts, will be less appreciated. As the author was for years at the head of our carriage factory he has remarkable knowledge on the subject, and gun-mountings have of course a bearing on fortifications. Still we come down

too much to technicalities and details in discussing them in place of the big principles which occupy us in the earlier portion of the book. It would have been better either to omit the portion dealing with them or publish them in an appendix. Again the pages on the evolution of the battleship and similar topics have also to do with coast defence, and are of much value, but there is something of the anti-climax about them following as they do the vigorous pages of which the greater part of an admirable book is composed.

NOVELS.

"Pilgrimage." By C. E. Lawrence. London: Murray. 1907. 6s.

Since Mr. Lawrence's hero is the reincarnation of a fallen and repentant angel, the scene of whose earthly career bears the fictitious name of Argovie, the reader may incline to consider "Pilgrimage" an allegory. So regarded, the trials which beset the pilgrim soul are simply yet forcibly suggested by the temptations which could not drive Luke, the monastery swineherd, to abandon his devotion to truth and justice. But if the book be intended as a faithful presentment, under guise of romance, of the Middle Ages, one would like to know what country "Argovie" represents. The picture is one of unrelieved gloom. The worst evils of feudalism and the abuses of a decaying chivalry are set forth in these pages as existing side by side. But is this in accordance with the history of any European State? Chivalry replaced feudalism; and the labourer had ceased to be a bondman before the coming, still more before the deterioration, of the ideals of chivalry. In England, at any rate, a state of society even remotely resembling that depicted by Mr. Lawrence can only be found existing in the reign of Stephen, when "men said openly that Christ and his saints slept".

"Me and Myn." By S. R. Crockett. London: Unwin. 1907. 6s.

It should be understood that the "Myn" of this story is a girl, who goes into a stamp-dealing partnership with the narrator. He writes in a vein of schoolboy slang which becomes pointless when we discover that he is supposed to be nearly twenty before he sits down to compose his artless autobiography. Mr. Crockett makes great play with philatelic lore which we suspect not be too profound, but the careful reader who knows something of stamps will find himself bewildered by the chronology of the book. We hazard the guess that the author set down as much as he remembered of his own boyish stamp-collecting, and incautiously set the scene of his novel in a much more recent period. He really ought to know that retired colonial Governors do not print an epitome of their official careers on their visiting-cards. As for the story, it is much padded out, but when the boy-and-girl partnership threatens to take a matrimonial aspect it becomes rather amusing.

"The Magic Plumes." By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. London: Methuen. 1907. 6s.

The magic plumes manipulated by a Shaman—an Indian medicine-man—have very little to do with the course of events in this story, which describes the short visit to Mexico of a conventional English country gentleman. Sir Oswald Palliser seeks out his scape-grace brother Christopher, and falls under the charm of the great opera-singer to whom the reformed black sheep has become engaged. As a study in temperaments the novel is clever though slight, and the Mexican setting is picturesque while not unduly emphasised. The book, despite first appearances, is a good deal more than an attempt to depict an unfamiliar country, which the author happens to know, under the pretence of writing a romance.

"The Cardinal's Secret." By Garrett Mill. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1907. 6s.

This is a feeble tale feebly told. It deals with the well-worn theme of a man and woman who, having made a marriage of convenience, separate for a

time only to discover that they are very much in love with each other. The cardinal is the *deus ex machina* who brings about the reconciliation. He is an excellent creature whose past weighs heavily upon him. In his youth he married a lady who already had a husband, and it is his own daughter, unaware of his identity, who comes to him for advice and consolation, and whose matrimonial tangle he finally straightens out. Mr. Mill's picture of Roman society is ludicrous in the extreme. His style of writing is as slipshod as his plot, and it would be hard to find a redeeming feature in his tedious story.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Early English Lyrics." Edited by E. K. Chambers and F. Sidgwick. London: Bullen. 1907.

Mr. Bullen and Mr. Sidgwick produce their books with a quiet distinction which we fear is somewhat flung away on the majority even of the small public that reads old English poetry. Let us hope that the pleasure they give to a few epicures in print is enough reward. The form in which a modern novel is produced, a good novel or a bad, does not matter. The binding, the wrapper, the paper—these things simply do not matter. The only thing to be considered seriously is the print: it is bad enough to read modern novels, let alone being half blinded by them. But when it comes to early lyrics, indeed to any of the old English classics, poetry or prose, the form of the book itself is a considerable matter. Some of the reprints of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth which have lately been turned out as "beautiful books" are a case in point. One would far rather never read another line of Keats or Wordsworth than be forced to read them out of editions monstrously bedizenized and rouged. If the reprint public had a little more taste and sense of fitness, it would look to editors like Mr. Chambers and Mr. Sidgwick and publishers like Mr. Bullen for its new editions of the old writers; for they give us editions nice to handle and look at as well as good to read. The tradition of Pickering and of Edward Moxon still lingers, as a little book like this shows; but we fear that, commercially, it is viewed, naturally enough, with contempt. Mr. Sidgwick and Mr. Chambers have done their work in this collection of early lyrics with the care, taste and fine scholarship which distinguished the earlier volumes of ballads issued by the same firm.

"Sir Fulke Greville's Life of Sir Philip Sidney." With an Introduction by Nowell Smith. At the Clarendon Press. 1907.

The "Tudor and Stuart Library" is one of the most admirable and important series of reprints now appearing. It is beautifully printed, though we must say that some of these distinguished types—of which this is one—are not quite so readable as they might be. In these pages, for instance, the lines of type for its size and for the size of the margins seems to us to be crowded too closely together. Fulke Greville's Life of Sidney was first printed in 1652, and it is indispensable to a student of the man and his mind; but for all this it is a little disappointing to those whose imaginations are specially touched by Sidney, who "divinely fought and fell". Here and there he may, as Mr. Nowell the editor claims, "haunt the ear" with the peculiar glory of Elizabethan and Jacobean prose; the third chapter is given as an illustration. But a good deal of the matter is uninspiring if not downright dry.

"Ballooning as a Sport." By Major B. Baden-Powell. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1907. 3s. 6d. net.

A few years ago ballooning was looked upon by most serious people as a fool's pastime. It was urged that no practical good could be got through ballooning experiments, and some people will recall the ridicule poured by the "Times" leader-writers in the 'eighties on the whole thing. To some extent this contempt for ballooning was general, no doubt through the haphazard and rather aimless spirit in which some of the most daring aeronauts made voyages; but to-day there is more ballooning for the sake of the "fun" than there ever was before, and yet the thing has come to be looked on as serious. Major Baden-Powell frankly proclaims himself an aeronaut for pleasure, not science, and his chapters have no scientific or practical value to speak of. But they are lively and entertaining enough, and give the idea of English pluck and dare-devilry which is always attractive.

"The Government of India." By Sir C. Ilbert. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

This is the revised edition of Sir C. Ilbert's valuable work of reference, first published in 1898. The sub-title explains its scope—A Digest of the Statute Law relating to the Indian Governments. It explains the legal basis on which the British Government in India rests and the authorities by which it exercises its powers. All this is set forth in a summary of the existing law and a digest of statutory enactments, both brought up to date. The work is enriched by an explanatory

preface, an historical introduction and chapters on the application of English law to natives of India and on British jurisdiction in Native States. When the Government makes up its mind to undertake the consolidation the existing law, the necessary material will be ready to its hand in this work, which had its origin in such a design. Meanwhile it stands as an authoritative exposition of the statutory powers and legal status of the Administration, the Legislature and the Judicature in British India.

"Memories of Famous Trials." By Evelyn Burnaby. London: Sisley's. 1907. 7s. 6d.

"The Compensation Act, 1906." By A. Clement Edwards. London: Chatto and Windus. 1907. 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. Burnaby is a clergyman who had the rather singular taste for attending criminal trials. For very many years he was a regular and well-known habitu  of the Courts at the Old Bailey whenever anything of remarkable criminal interest was on hand. He was, in fact, an English version of Scott's Saddletrees. Mr. Burnaby being of good social position—he was, by the way, a brother of Colonel Fred Burnaby—he met many of the judges and counsel who appeared in those famous trials, and has thus many personal reminiscences which one less favoured would not have, however assiduously he might play the part of Saddletrees. Not that Mr. Burnaby has anything of importance to tell; nor does he tell what he has with any literary skill. His writing is indeed dreadful; and there is an air of commonness about the book which is perhaps not surprising.

Mr. Edwards is an expert on the laws relating to the working classes, but this small handbook to the Act is not intended for lawyers but the ordinary layman who does not quite know what to make of the new Act, which seems at a stroke to have so greatly increased his liabilities. He will find here, plainly stated and illustrated with common examples, the rights of compensation which servants now have against their employers for accidents suffered in the course of their employment.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

Neither the "Quarterly" nor the "Edinburgh" likes the Government's land policy. The "Quarterly" regards the provisions of the English Bill as "unreasonable, unfair and oppressive", declares the Scottish Bill to be worse still, and is clearly of opinion that so far from helping agriculture the effect of the proposed legislation, whatever the views and intentions of the Government, will be to complete the ruin of the industry. The "Edinburgh" is equally emphatic on the Scottish Bill and looks to its rejection or drastic amendment by the peers. "It has been the glory of the Scottish Government to produce at this period of time a Bill which avoids every plan that has anywhere in normal economic conditions yielded a good result and seeks as its model the most discredited land system in the civilised world." Its conception must, we are told, "have required a quite unusual combination of fatuity and recklessness", and its authors have fallen into the politician's error of regarding rural questions not as essentially and fundamentally economic, but as essentially and fundamentally agrarian. On the Colonial Conference and the story told by the Minutes of the Proceedings the "Quarterly" writes in a rational way which induces hope that the Review is slowly beginning to understand the true bearing of imperial preference; if preferential trade relations are rightly regarded as one of the subsidiary influences making for imperial unity at a time when racial considerations are not a source of strength, then it should be adopted, and the writer is impressed by the contradictions in the oratory of "the unyielding anti-preferentialists", including Mr. Lloyd-George. The "Edinburgh" on this question is more intolerant and self-sufficient than a Cobden Club leaflet. Economic wisdom of course, proved up to the hilt by experience, was embodied sixty years since in our fiscal policy, and the "Edinburgh" is naturally not going to be turned from its loyalty by such exponents of "economic ignorance"

(Continued on page 120.)

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as Mr. Deakin and Dr. Jameson. As the reviewer obviously knows more about colonial trade than colonial statesmen themselves know, it would be useless to argue with him, but we are in agreement with him on at least one point. He says:

The publication of the Minutes of this Conference must, however, do everything that is needed to clear the mental vision of all those who, though for a while led astray, have an honest wish for conviction and enlightenment. It answers all the questions that can well need answer on the subject. To our thinking those that follow cover the ground:

1. Does the state of our own foreign trade, or that of our Colonies, warrant the supposition that our fiscal system needs radical amendment?
2. If not, would not a radical departure from it be an act of unparalleled political rashness and gratuitous folly?
3. Even if there were reasons which, in spite of all counter considerations, might tempt us to a change, are those who would be our partners in the revolution ready to take their fair share in it?

Each of these questions can only meet with the most emphatic negative.

The negative answer to No. 2 is all the Tariff Reformer could desire, though it seems to show that "clearness of mental vision" has yet to come to the "Edinburgh" on this subject.

Writing of "German Naval Ambitions and British Supremacy" the "Quarterly" utters a familiar and sonorous warning against German fleet developments. The writer is anxious to avoid "irritability of temper or an illogical fever of jealousy", but all the same is seriously concerned at the reduction of British naval estimates simultaneously with the increase of the German navy. If recent wars have made men more than ever eager to preserve the peace, they have also shown the necessity for adequate preparation. "The growth of Germany as a great naval Power and a future rival on the seas to Great Britain is the dominating factor in the international outlook. It is a matter of deep concern that just when, in the face of the most serious emergency threatening British defence policy, the whole British people should be united and alert, a Government out of sympathy with the best-informed opinion of the country should be in power." Whilst the "Quarterly" is thus concerned as to the naval policy of the Government, the "Edinburgh" congratulates itself that Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule has collapsed during the existence of a House of Commons with a Liberal majority of more than two hundred. "The British Constitution is not going to be recast on Home Rule lines." That, however, is not to be placed to the credit of Ministers: the collapse has come in spite of them. How far they might have gone in order to retain Nationalist goodwill had there been no House of Lords with the power of veto is another question which the "Quarterly" discusses briefly in an article on "Party versus People". One of the fatal objections to the Government scheme to restrict the power of the Lords is that it would enable "a temporary majority of the House of Commons to override the deliberate will of the nation". Another is that it would "lower the whole character of Parliament", and by making one party momentarily absolute lead to reaction and constitutional revolution.

Among several other admirable articles are two in the "Edinburgh"—one on "The Æsthetic Outlook" and Walter Pater, the other on the British novel as an institution, indicating the differences in character, especially with regard to certain delicate subjects, in the novels deemed fit for young ladies' reading in Mrs. Gaskell's time and in Lucas Malet's. In the "Quarterly" Mr. Edward Clodd deals with Magic and Religion and Mr. Reginald Lucas with Lord Beaconsfield's novels—an interesting though not very fresh attempt to show the connection between Disraeli's fiction and his life.

We shall notice the "Church Quarterly" and the Law Quarterly next week.

For this Week's Books see page 122.

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UNITED MOTOR CAB COMPANY.

AN Extraordinary General Meeting of the United Motor Cab Co., Ltd., was held
yesterday at the office, 33 Old Jewry, E.C., to consider resolutions with the object
of increasing the Capital of the Company to £500,000. Mr. Davison Dalziel, the
Chairman presided.

The Secretary, Mr. R. Gorton, read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman: You have all heard the notice read and the resolutions which I
submit you should accept. Perhaps it would be as well to say a few words to you
with regard to the reasons which have prompted your Directors to recommend the
increase in the Capital of this Company. You will remember that our sister Com-
pany, the General Motor Cab Company, started upon the same capital practically
as we have to-day, and at a later date increased their capital for the purpose of
increasing their rolling stock. Additional cabs were ordered and will shortly be deliv-
ered, and the object that we have to-day in increasing the capital of the United Motor
Cab Co. is precisely similar to that which prompted the directors of the General Motor
Cab Co. to increase their capital. I am speaking for both Companies, because they are
not only affiliated, but are working in the closest relationship, and a number of your
Directors are Directors of the sister Company—when I say that experience has
taught us that the introduction of the motor cab into the City of London has
proved one of the great successes of the age. From the first day that our cabs were
introduced they took a place in the hearts of the people, which I believe is a
permanent one, and their success from a financial point of view was demonstrated
from the first hour they began to run. You will remember that when we
outlined in our prospectus that the probable takings of this Company would
be about 35s. or 36s. per day, and that we based the possible dividend
we might hope to be able eventually to pay upon those takings, the
results, in figures at any rate, were so highly satisfactory that a great many
of our friends, and probably our enemies, stated that we had more or less
exaggerated them. I am very pleased to be able to tell you that instead of the
figures being exaggerated they were very much below the mark. Where we
estimated that 36s. would be the average takings of each cab, we have found the
actual takings to be very considerably in excess per day of what we in our most
sanguine views had hoped for. For your guidance, I may tell you the results of
the working on Wednesday of the present week of the cabs you now have running
on the streets. We have not yet received the figures of yesterday's takings, but
the day before yesterday our cabs earned an average of £3 5s. 10d. per
cab, and I think you will agree with me that 10s. over and above the
expectations set out in the prospectus is a very satisfactory showing. When
the time comes that we shall have, as we undoubtedly shall have as the
result of the passing of these resolutions to-day, a thousand or more cabs
running in the streets of London, I leave you to imagine what the profits
to this Company may be. It is breaking no faith when I tell you what our sister
Company is doing. I may tell you that the General Motor Cab Co. also, for the day
before yesterday had 325 taximeter cabs running in the streets, and those cabs
earned an average of £2 7s. each. In both instances the figures are largely in
excess of the original estimate. The object, as I have stated before, in asking you
to pass these resolutions is to enable your Directors to take advantage at the
earliest possible date of the exceptional position this Company has earned for itself,
and to increase as early as possible the number of cabs. After the most careful
consideration, your Directors have decided to place side by side with the
French cabs a certain number of English cabs. We have been reproached
by certain people that we are a French Company, and that the Company is
being controlled by French capital and is under the influence generally of France.
If that were true it would not be a bad thing, but anyhow it does not
happen to be true. We have taken up to the present time French machines
simply because we considered that they were the best for the purpose, and they
were the only ones available also for our requirements. But naturally, since this
industry has demonstrated itself to be a profitable one, and one that is evidently
going to stay in London, the British manufacturers have been waking up, and they
have been looking round to see whether they cannot in the end successfully compete
with the French manufacturers, and various offers have been made to us. Having
regard to the fact that it would naturally be agreeable to us to have a certain
number of English cars running in London as well as French cars, we have gone
very closely into the matter, and I am pleased to inform you that we have placed
a very important order with the Wolesey Company for supplying this Company
with 250 of the new Sidley motor cars. These, I am glad to say, will be at the dis-
posal of this Company, commencing at the end of next October. I am also pleased to
be able to tell you that, anticipating the favourable reception that will be made
to our invitation to subscribe for this additional capital, we have placed
another order with Messrs. Richard & Co., of Paris, for a further delivery of Unic
cars. You will be pleased to know, with reference to the first orders placed, that a
number of chassis are actually in the hands of the coachbuilders, and that you may
look forward to a very large number of your cabs plying the streets for hire within
a very short period. I should say that long before the end of the present year we
shall be in a position to place at the disposal of the public quite as many cabs as our
sister Company has in working. I do not think that I have anything more to say to
you. I have gone rather fully into these explanations, because I thought you
would like to know how we are standing, what we hope to do in the future
and what we have done in the past. I can assure you that if you are only half
as satisfied with the prospect of this Company as I am you must be well
satisfied indeed, because I feel absolutely certain in my own mind that the
United Motor Cab Company has a future before it which will not only
satisfy the desires of its shareholders, but will also satisfy the wants of the
general public. I will now propose the following Resolutions: "1. That the Board
be and they are hereby authorised to increase the Capital of the Company to
£500,000 by the creation of 247,000 additional preferred ordinary shares of £1 each,
ranking for dividend in all other respects *pari passu* with the existing preferred
ordinary shares of the Company." "2. That the said 247,000 additional shares be
issued at par, or at such premium as the Board may consider expedient in the
interest of the Company."

Mr. C. Wyndham Quin seconded the Resolutions, which were carried
unanimously.

The Chairman: We shall give you full notice when we decide to make this
issue, and we shall also notify you of the terms of commission, underwriting, and so
forth, when the issue is made. If there is anybody who wishes to ask any questions
I shall be pleased to answer them.

No questions were asked, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding
concluded the proceedings.

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still distrusting herself and distrusted for that,
making fetters of freedom, and crimes of caprice ;
esteemed for her follies, and cursed by her virtues ;
while nursing her vices, unaware of her strength.

Will she ever come in ?—She can never go out ;
and her destiny rests in destruction or friendship,
the choice leaving no room for doubt.

I could lie to her lovingly, trade on her tenderly,
market her anguish, and live on her cheers ;
but I tell her the truth and I ask her for nothing,
unless to live on and serve her as truly
as she has served all but her own.

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Mine.									
DEVELOPMENT WORK—									
No. of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes...	2,647'0	1,676'5	1,933'0	2,095'0	4,154'5	1,601'0	2,218'5	3,410'0	2,340'0
Estimated Tonnage of Ore exposed by drives, &c. ..	75,583	51,924	80,499	82,965	97,799	100,543	112,232	106,219	93,331
STOPING—									
Tonnage Stoped, including Ore from development faces	65,468	104,254	102,434	64,591	95,245	78,727	100,488	107,270	43,348
Mill.									
No. of Stamps in operation	100	200	200	100	120	120	200	200	60
Total Ore crushed (tons) ..	57,070	92,900	89,920	54,985	86,850	66,745	94,485	92,363	33,590
Duty per Stamp per 24 hours (tons)	7'359	5'804	5'405	6'621	5'949	6'542	5'994	5'737	6'829
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Total Tons treated ..	57,224	90,210	90,315	54,615	86,051	66,493	95,435	90,704	32,790
Gold Production.									
Mill (fine oz.)	14,050'020	20,036'755	21,884'311	13,602'812	22,864'900	20,155'736	30,054'364	23,628'929	9,168'350
Cyanide Works (fine oz.) ..	7,211'065	10,787'227	9,737'083	5,572'363	14,554'012	9,987'995	14,233'737	8,819'532	3,332'341
Total (fine oz.)	21,261'085	30,823'982	31,621'394	19,175'175	37,418'912	30,143'731	44,288'101	32,448'461	12,500'691
Total Yield per Ton Milled (fine dwt.)	7'450	6'635	7'033	6'974	8'616	11'789	9'374	6'988	7'443
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Revenue.									
Value of Gold produced ..	£89,305 11 6	£129,413 15 0	£132,006 13 4	£80,502 9 11	£156,832 6 10	£164,451 4 10	£186,123 17 6	£136,436 10 8	£52,406 19 3
Value per Ton Milled ..	£1 11 3'562	£1 7 10'330	£1 9 6'733	£1 9 3'379	£1 16 1'388	£2 9 3'389	£1 19 4'770	£1 9 4'613	£1 11 2'446
Working Profit.									
Amount	£18,800 9 1	£39,219 2 3	£41,983 5 1	£14,174 9 6	£32,352 19 10	£99,380 3 0	£88,522 17 6	£39,985 12 0	£8,449 7 4
Per Ton Milled	£0 10 1'116	£0 8 5'319	£0 9 4'054	£0 5 1'869	£0 12 0'671	£1 9 9'348	£0 18 8'855	£0 6 8'080	£0 5 0'370
Interest.									
Debit	£267 5 8	£255 14 6	£60 12 1	£564 11 2	£867 9 1	£724 19 8	£1,261 18 5	£49 13 1	£164 5 8
Credit	£29,067 14 9	£39,474 16 9	£42,043 17 2	£14,739 0 8	£53,220 8 11	£100,105 2 8	£89,784 15 11	£30,935 18 11	£8,613 13 0
Net Profit.									
Estimated Amount of 10 % Tax on Profits	£2,265 0 0	£2,552 0 0	£4,511 0 0	£1,638 0 0	£5,356 0 0	£10,020 0 0	£10,206 0 0	£2,215 0 0	£1,103 0 0
Capital Expenditure.									
Interim Dividends Declared.	£5,472 0 10	£2,388 3 0	£6,201 5 3	£131 2 5	£6,174 13 7	£7,610 6 7	£7,415 11 1	£7,414 16 8	£13,531 6 11
Payable to Shareholders registered on books as at Rate per cent.	—	29th June, '07 12 1/2 %	29th June, '07 12 1/2 %	—	—	—	29th June, '07 12 1/2 %	—	—
Total amount of distribution	—	£53,125 0 0	£45,000 0 0	—	—	—	£150,000 0 0	—	—

* Including Freehold Revenue.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS.

THE sixth annual ordinary general meeting of the members of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Limited, was held on Monday, at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, E.C., Mr. Adolph Tuck (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman explained that, notwithstanding the strike in the German printing trade and the defalcations of their Paris bookkeeper, the net profit of the year amounted to £42,273 12s. 4d. He continued: "To this has to be added the balance brought forward from last year, amounting to £3,064 15s. 3d., making a total of £45,338 7s. 7d. From this has to be deducted directors' remuneration, £3,500, leaving an available balance for the year of £41,838 7s. 7d. On this sum we have already drawn, for preference dividends paid to shareholders on January 1, 1907, £9,156 13s. 4d., and a further amount on preference dividend paid to shareholders from January 1, 1907, to April 30, 1907—the close of our financial year—£4,583 6s. 8d. Further, interim dividend paid on the ordinary shares at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended October 31, 1906, £7,500, making a total this year of £21,250. This leaves the sum of £20,588 7s. 7d. to dispose of. Your directors recommend a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended April 30, 1907, making, with the interim dividend already paid on the ordinary shares, the regular 8 per cent. for the year. This will absorb £12,500. They further recommend that there be transferred to the special dividend reserve the sum of £5,000, and that we carry forward to next year the sum of £3,088 7s. 7d., the combined items disposing of our total of £20,588 7s. 7d. The reserve accounts will then stand as follows:—Capital reserve account, £8,845 5s. 2d.; special dividend reserve account, £31,927 3s. 3d.; general reserve account, £32,500. A total reserve thus accumulated in six years' trading of £73,272 8s. 5d., or an average of £12,212 1s. 4d., being equal to over 4½ per cent. additional dividend on the ordinary capital of the Company during each of these six years. Without any desire to gloss over the results of the past year's working as against the year before—the difference against us being £9,570 6s. 6d.—I must point out that the net total of our profits this last year is actually in excess of the annual average profits for the five last years of this business before it was taken over by the present Company. This fact alone, I think, gives striking evidence of the strong position occupied by us, when, in spite of the two unlooked-for set-backs during the past year, we are still able to show a larger profit for the year than the annual profit held out to you originally on the formation of the Company, and that not only are we able to pay our regular dividends out of the profits of the year, but also to carry to reserve a sum actually in excess of the amount originally contemplated on the issue of the prospectus. This is, I venture to think, a subject for congratulation. I now have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the report."

The motion, seconded by Sir Conan Doyle, was carried unanimously. A vote of thanks to the directors concluded the proceedings.

RAND MINES, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 8.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment on or after MONDAY, the 12th AUGUST, 1907, of DIVIDEND No. 8 (60 per cent., i.e. 3s. per 5s. share), after surrender of COUPON No. 8 either at the London Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., or at the Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taibout, Paris.

ALL COUPONS presented at the latter address, as well as any presented at the London Office for account of holders resident in France, will be subject to a deduction of 5 per cent. on the amount of the Dividend on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

COUPONS belonging to holders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction by the London Office of English Income Tax at the rate of One Shilling in the pound.

COUPONS must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be lodged any day (SATURDAYS EXCEPTED) between the hours of Eleven and Two.

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